

ICD

STICK

25¢

APRIL



Turn to
back cover
for exciting
climax

In New Orleans
nearly everybody
reads the
Times Picayune...



P. 38

Billy Wilder's description of President Kennedy--
"He looks like the Lindbergh baby."



Don't let romance fade--FADE--

My mother thanks you, my father thanks you, my sisters
thank you and most of all . . . My brother Bob thanks you.



Good For What Ills You

AN EVENING WITH ADOLPH HITLER



See "Foreign T.V.", page 26

AN AFTERNOON WITH SAL MINEO



See Movie Review, page 31

SICKiatry



VOL. 1—NO. 5

APRIL, 1961

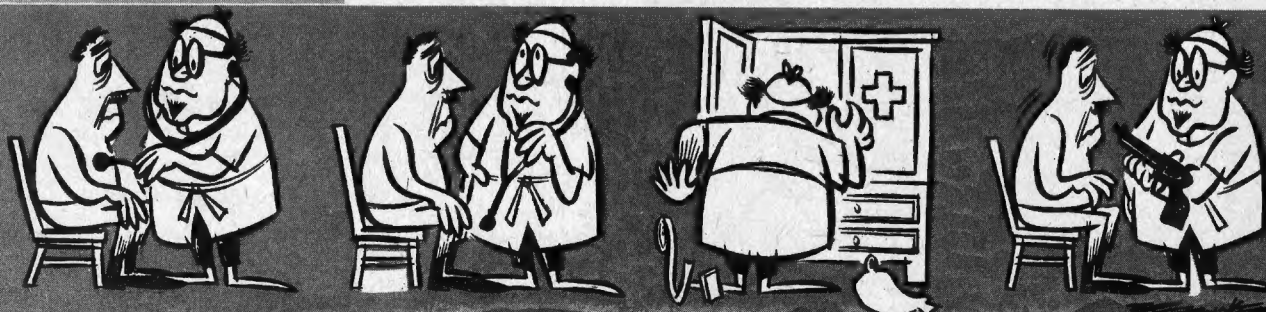
DEPARTMENTS

- SICK, SICK WORLD . . . *The SICK man's "Newsweek"* 18
- SICK CONTEST WINNERS . . . *A fever chart of SICK readers* . . . 28
- MOVIE REVIEW . . . "EXODUS" . . . *The movie runs four and one half hours with intermissions . . . Without intermissions runs longer* 31
- SICK GUIDE TO BETTER LIVING. . . *How to start a king-size riot with a handful of friends in a small room* 46
- JOB INTERVIEWS . . . *He said, "I think we have an opening you can fill," and pointed to the window* 6

FEATURES

- MINUTE MOVIES . . . *Produced by Microscope Pictures . . . Movies for people with a short attention span* 10
- ALBUMS WITHOUT MUSIC . . . *Monologues that you can dance to—if you have a silent partner* 13
- MARINE DRILL INSTRUCTOR . . . *He turns raw recruits into professional killers . . . Then turns and runs* 14
- CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY . . . *A class reunion . . . between two members of the upper class—a business tycoon and his son* . . . 16
- STALE NEWS . . . *A newspaper which features yesterday's news next month* 20
- MOTIVATION MAN . . . *Where have the hidden persuaders been hiding?* 24
- FOREIGN T.V. . . . *Adolph Hitler's greatest moment* 26
- THE BULLFIGHTER . . . *He killed over one hundred bulls, but two of them were fakes—they were just large dogs* 41

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Contributing writers

SICKcerely yours:

JIMMY DURANTE was a little unhappy at his wedding—he wanted his nose to be flower girl...

Bobby Darin and Sandra Dee were wed after a two-day engagement. They wanted to wait to see if it was the real thing...

Harry Karl and Debbie Reynolds pushed up their wedding date to provide the kids with a happy family-type Christmas. That's okay for Christmas, but what's going to happen to them on Easter?

A New York cop tried to get a moonlighting job in a nightclub but got turned down for his unsavory police record...

Benito Mussolini's son is a jazz pianist. He plays upside down suspended from the ceiling...



DEAR SIRs:

I find your magazine the most disgustingly funny piece of idiocy that I have read for a long time. Keep trying but meanwhile keep up the good work. Let's see more of those photographs with the captions underneath such as Hitler ones.

Carl Law
5830 Bois de Coulange,
Ville d'Anjou,
Quebec, Canada

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are expecting some new pictures from Hitler this week.



DEAR SICKNICKS:

Did you know that SICK WILL stay fresh for days if properly refrigerated?

Joel Annis,
140 South Park Drive,
Massapequa Park,
Long Island, N. Y.

DEAR SICK:

I read any satire magazine I can get my hands on and in my opinion SICK stands up to the best of them. I have one suggestion to make—get a mascot. Congratulations on a fine magazine!

Yours SICKly,

Johnny Long
7747 Comanche Drive
Richmond, Virginia

EDITOR'S NOTE: We have three mascots—the editors. We keep them on a long leash.

DEAR SIRs:

I am a freshman at Indiana University. I like to read SICK magazine to get my mind off studies. The only trouble is that once you read SICK, you're too sick to study.

Mel Kaczmarek
Box D310 Tower Center
I. U., Bloomington, Indiana

EDITOR'S NOTE: Studying is all right, if it doesn't interfere with your serious reading.



SICKIES:

I didn't have any interest in my mother's shopping until she started bringing home SICK...

Lou Malizia,
136 Juniper Lane,
Berlin, Conn.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SICK belongs on every shopping list...

DEAR SICK:

Like the book—How about the joke about the marine sergeant leading his men to battle?

Victor J. Chorney
Warnock Hall, P. O. 1146
Pennsylvania State U.
University Park, Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE: That joke went out with the two Jima beachhead. Thanks anyway.

DEAR SICK:

Let me congratulate you on the fine magazine which you publish.

1340 Ontario Avenue
Niagara Falls, New York

EDITOR'S NOTE: Thanks for the compliment, but what's your name?



DEAR SICK:

I found a new use for your magazine—it's great for housebreaking dogs.

Hank Katten,
East Elm Street,
Greenwich, Conn.

P.S.: It's also good for a couple of laughs.

(Continued on page 48)

EMPLOYMENT AGENCY



FAMOUS QUOTES: Gov. Fabus:
"Would you want Mori Sahi
to marry your sister?"

tries in...
Fox has moved his
workroom to 535 E.
ere he has a beautiful
psure on the river...
turnit...
ark.
Quite a busy gal, Marion Flor-
sheim, N.S.I.D., is currently leav-
ing for a job in Myrtle Beach,
strengthe...
tioner as well. This means all...
personnel in Partitioner offices or any of these buyers will ha-
the Spring show-
concentrated and
center during
when economi
are important.

CHIMPS WORK IN FACTORY

Houston, Tex. (INS)—Superior Furniture Manufacturing Co. has started hiring chimps for production line work in their factory here. Under direction of a foreman, the chimps will stuff rubber foam pillows, put Hollywood beds into cartons and attach legs to chairs. Company President Ben Friedman said he would acquire the chimps from an employment agency...

G. E. Perfects Decorative Lamp

CLEVELAND, OHIO—Development of a radically new type miniature lamp to be used for decorative purposes has been announced here by General Lamp De-

International Hotel Decor Stresses Color, Comfort, Style

Guests of the new International Hotel at New York Airport will find devised f...

COMING —CH

CHICAGO, ILL.—The
hensive scope of furn-
home goods resource
should prove particu-
ticularly retail
16-27 Internat



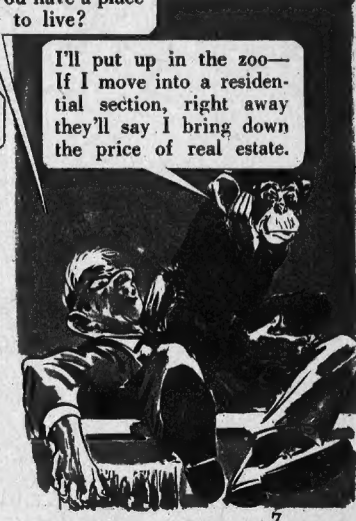
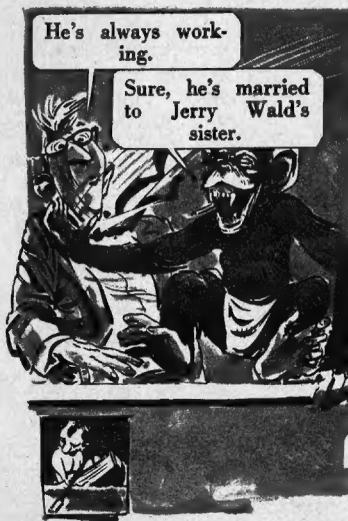
ipment, traffic
ewares, radio,
graph and hi-fi
coverings, cur-
lamps, bedding,
tive accessories
abrics.

Designs of Year
gs have been se-
wards in the year's
competition spon-
American Institute

winners were Mario
for two California
ned by him; Edward
or an office building
aceutical plant de-
for the Stuart Co.,
Skidmore,

A SPECIAL
SECTION ON
SICK
OPPORTUNITIES







Job Interview



Now, as I understand it you're here for the truck driver's job...

Yes—My name is Freddy Cutler... I'm 24 years—

The new movie about a famous sniper in Hollywood—"I Aim at the Stars"

We're not interested in your name and age. Nowadays when we hire a man, we want to know him down deep... We're interested in the real you...

I don't seem to be reaching you—We're not looking for truck drivers that can drive trucks. We want to place men where they really belong. You may be the next vice president of this company.

—of course, it doesn't pay as much as a truck driver. Now, how did you do with the Aptitude test?...

I don't have much depth, but can drive any truck on the road today...

I could be vice president???

I was afraid you were going to do that... you put the round pegs in the round holes... Shows no initiative... This company was founded by men who put the square pegs in round holes...

Now, let's find out about your personal habits—Would you like a smoke?

Come on. Just a little snort.

Tell me, Fred—Just how long have you been an alcoholic?

I'm beginning to believe that—

No—I don't smoke...

I don't think I should.

How about a drink?

I insist!

Well, if you insist...

No, I never...

SICK Opportunities...

JIMMY HOFFA'S Land Development Program...

Comebacks, Inc.

Yes, Miss Jones, Comebacks, Inc. is a great success. Ever since I thought of bringing back Al Jolson with the "Al Jolson Story", my corporation has been doing a great business.

What's your latest plan?

I'm thinking of bringing back Larry Parks... I brought back Lillian Roth, Ed Wynn, Ken Murray, Gloria Swanson and the biggest triumphant of all my comebacks—"Comeback Little Sheba"...

The beautiful part of it is there are thousands of top names who are waiting to make a comeback. People who have been forgotten by the public and are ready for a resurgence of popularity... Who are you bringing back this week?

I don't know yet—what are the latest reports on Lawrence Welk?

He's still on top.

Keep watching him. Someday his bubble will burst and the public will forget him.

Pardon me, I'm Jack Oakie—remember? Do you think I can come back?

We'll have to see—We've got to dig down deep and look for the tragedy in your life. The heartbreak... the tears. Give me a quick rundown of your life.

After my fortieth birthday, the public grew tired of me playing college musicals. But I didn't care, I had my home in Beverley Hills and my yacht...

Ahhh... the trying years. Homeless... out of work... facing the cruel spectre of poverty. Floating from city to city with only a tattered scrapbook to remind you of the past.

Is this an audition for "This Is Your Life"?

Destitute... you turn to the bottle... Then, there was the terrible plane crash.

On the critical list for six months, your life hanging on a string...

Cut—If that's what my life was like, I don't want to come back.

Sir, that man is here again.

Sit down, we've been expecting you, Dick. Now, tell me again about your destitute childhood...

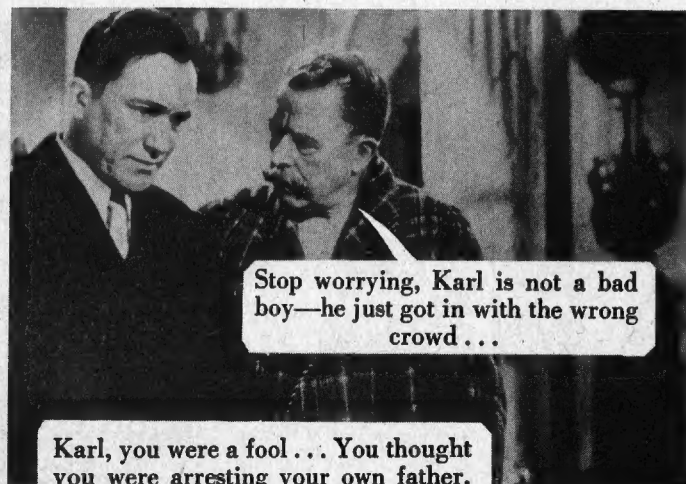
Plane Crash? I've never been up in a plane.

FRANKLY, those new space age movies don't move us... We still like the old aviation movies or the "pilot films" as we used to call them. Remember the inevitable scene of the airline pilot up in a storm trying to reach the airfield...

"Hello, Patterson Tower... This is Ding Dong Calling... Ding Dong calling Patterson Tower—Come in, Tower... I'm losing altitude fast, must have emergency landing instructions..."

MINUTE

War Story



Karl, you were a fool... You thought you were arresting your own father, but now you must know the truth. I am your real father—Heintz was just posing as your father because he made a better appearance.



But, Karl, he is your father—your own flesh and blood.



I wish we could have given them a better funeral with a real cemetery, a real coffin, real flowers, and a real minister...

During filming of "SPARTACUS", gladiator Kirk Douglas suffered three bad cuts... from broken cocktail glasses...



I thought Heintz' Eulogy was wonderful—particularly the part: "But it is not for us the living to hallow this ground. We cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate..."



"This is Ding Dong calling tower. Come in, Patterson Tower... Ding Dong to Tower..."

Then he really got desperate—

"Hello. This is Kent Taylor calling Chester Morris. If Chester Morris isn't there, I'll talk to Richard Arlen... I hear you, Patterson Tower... Who is that speaking? Jean Parker? What are you doing in Patterson Tower, Jean Parker? Where is Chester Morris?"

"He's making it with Richard Arlen? Making what? Movies!"

MOVIES

Love Story

Why do all men make such fools of themselves over me?

Young men...

Old men...

Famous men...

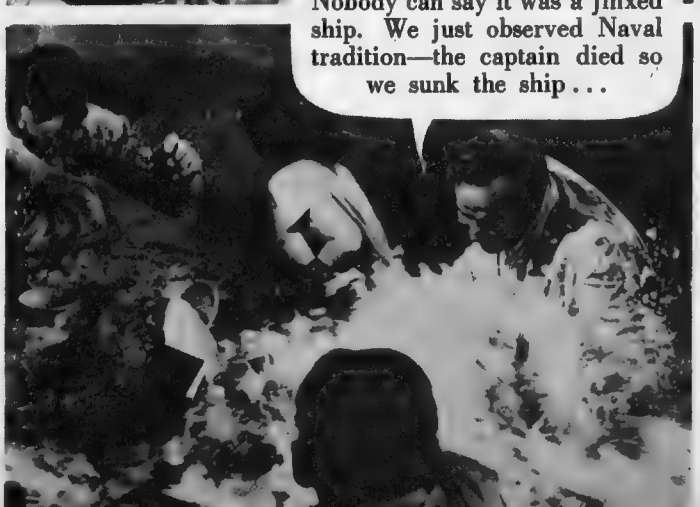
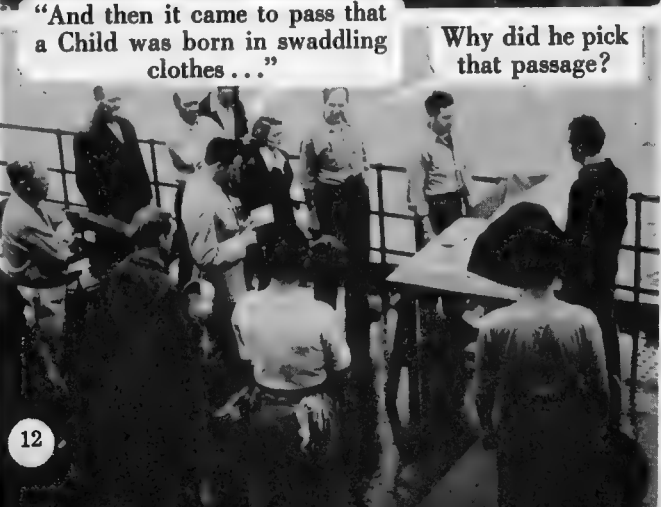
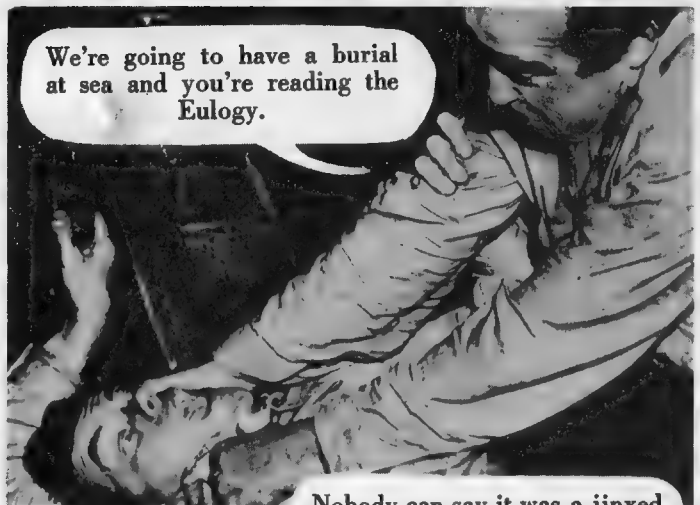
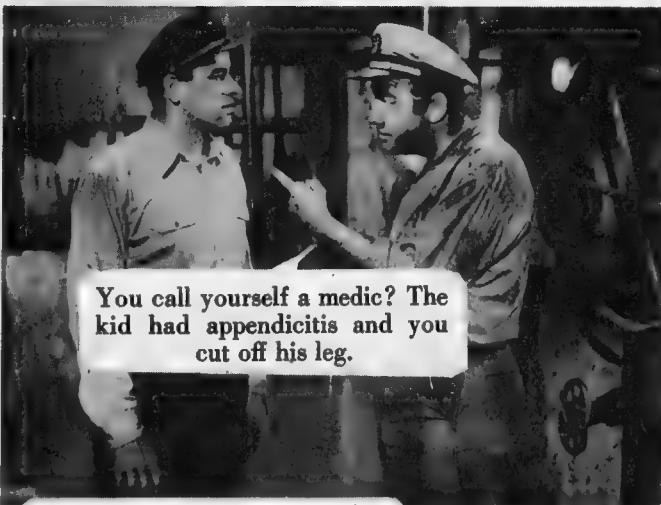
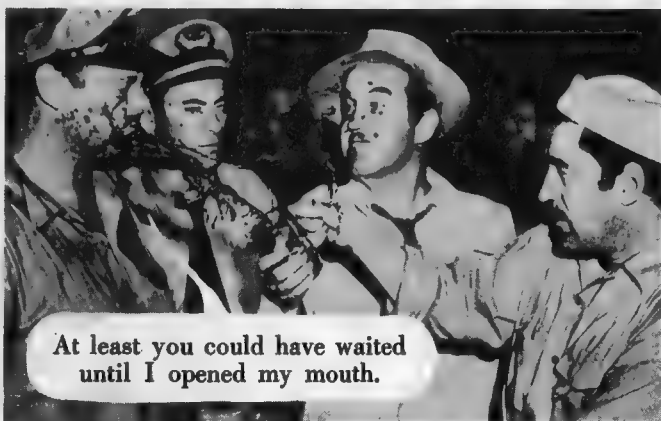
Sometimes, I think I should go into a bomb shelter just to get away from them.

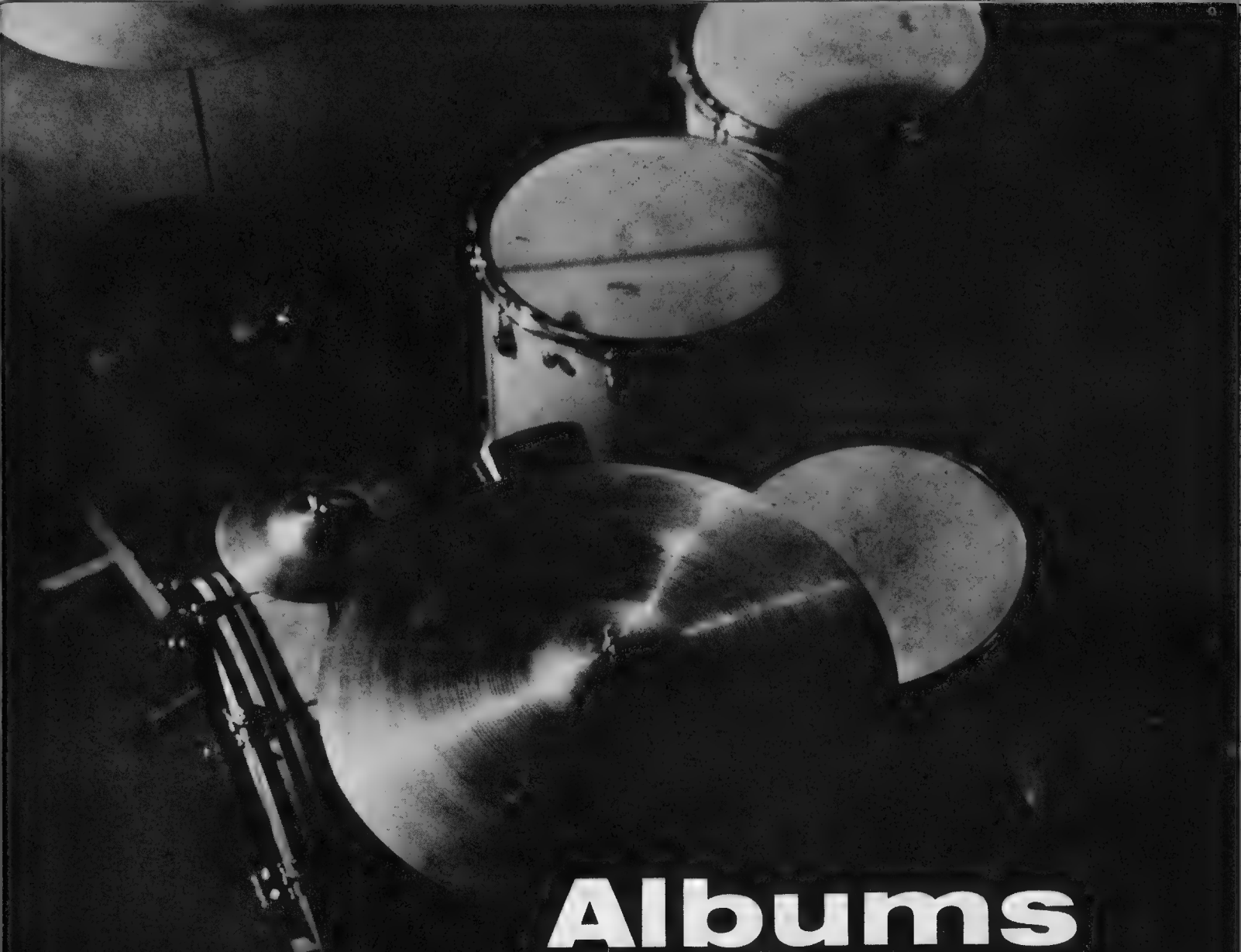
Or parachute to a desert island...

I'd join the foreign legion...

Except for one thing—I go wild over men in uniform...

Sea Story





Albums without Music...

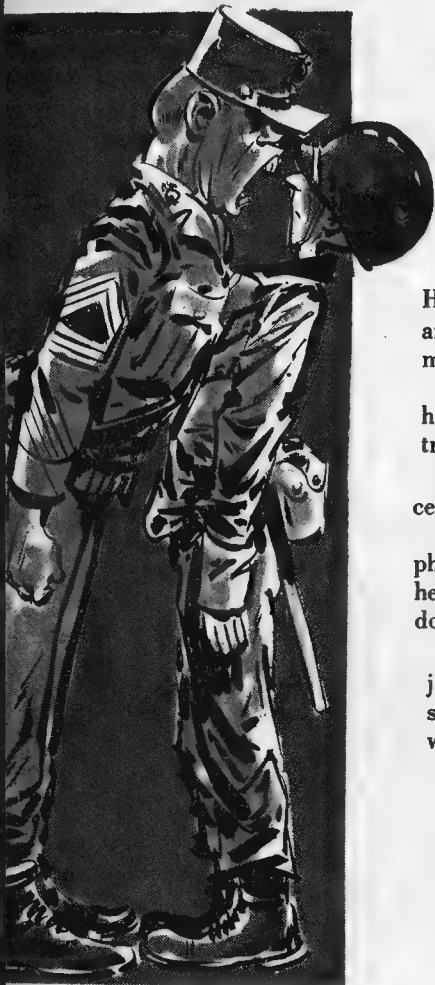
NO BUSINESS has changed so radically as the recording business. Remember when record albums featured pictures of Benny Goodman, Woody Herman or Harry James instead of a sexy seductress. And inside you had music by great bands such as Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey and Charlie Barnett instead of a comedian delivering a comedy monologue.

ALBUMS WITHOUT music by Mort Sahl, Shelly Herman, Bob Newhart, Elaine and Mike, Jonathan Winters and Bill Dana are currently matching sales with those by Sinatra, Mathias, The Kingston Trio and Bobby Darin. But perhaps the old type albums are coming back—we saw one in a record shop window recently with a picture of Benny Goodman on the cover. However, inside there still was no music... It's an album of Benny Goodman making love to a sexy seductress...

IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES, SICK presents our *Albums Without Music* which also don't have records. If you must have music with your words, we suggest you hum as you read the following monologues...

If that doesn't interfere with moving your lips while you read.

The following monologue is delivered by a Marine DI addressing a group of raw recruits on Paris Island... The Marine looks, talks, and acts like Jimmy Cagney...



All right, men, at ease. First of all, let me introduce myself. I am Sergeant Himmler... Heinrich Himmler. You will address me as sir, Sir Heinrich Himmler. That's just until we get to know each other better and then you will call me—The Fuhrer... but don't let Lt. Hitler hear you calling me that.

Now a lot of you guys come down here thinking this is going to be a big country club. Right? ... Wrong. It's not big!

The Marine Corps builds men. I want to tell you I'm going to take you guys and make hard, tough, fighting marines out of you. It's going to be a little tougher than usual. This is the first time I've started with girls.

I'm going to take you apart and put you back together again. I'm going to march you, and drill you, and work you until you can't stand up... And then I'm going to march you, and drill you, and work you, some more.

The next eight weeks are going to be the toughest, roughest... six months you ever put in your entire life. Any questions? Can you have a three-day pass?

What's your name, yardbird? Harry Yardbird... Look, Harry, I've been in the Marine Corps for 18 years... 18 years and I ain't never had a three-day pass. You've been here five minutes and you want a three-day pass.

Now, what do you want a three-day pass for? Your wife got hit by a truck (*Shaking head*) No—Your wife got hit by a truck, SIR...

I don't see why you need a three-day pass, why don't you celebrate here on the post with the rest of us?

You men were picked to be marines because you have superior physical attributes. You have superior eyesight and superior hearing... HEARING! I'll write it on the blackboard... What do you mean BIGGER?

Now, a lot of you guys come down here and leave fancy civilian jobs and think it's going to help you out. Let's get one thing straight—I want you to know that what you did and what you were in civilian life won't help you here.

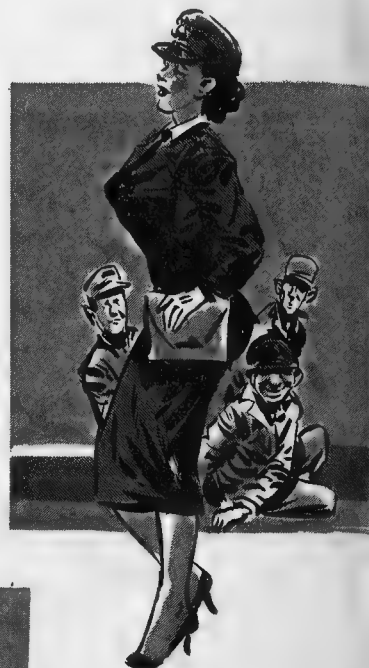
Okay now, Yardbird, what did you do in civilian life? You were a Marine. Well, sweetheart, it's not going to help you here.

I also want you to know, there is no favoritism in my platoon. I'd give my own mother the same harsh, senseless treatment I give to any other member of my platoon. *Shaking head* Up you men, Marines, tell the rest of these bums how lousey I treat you.

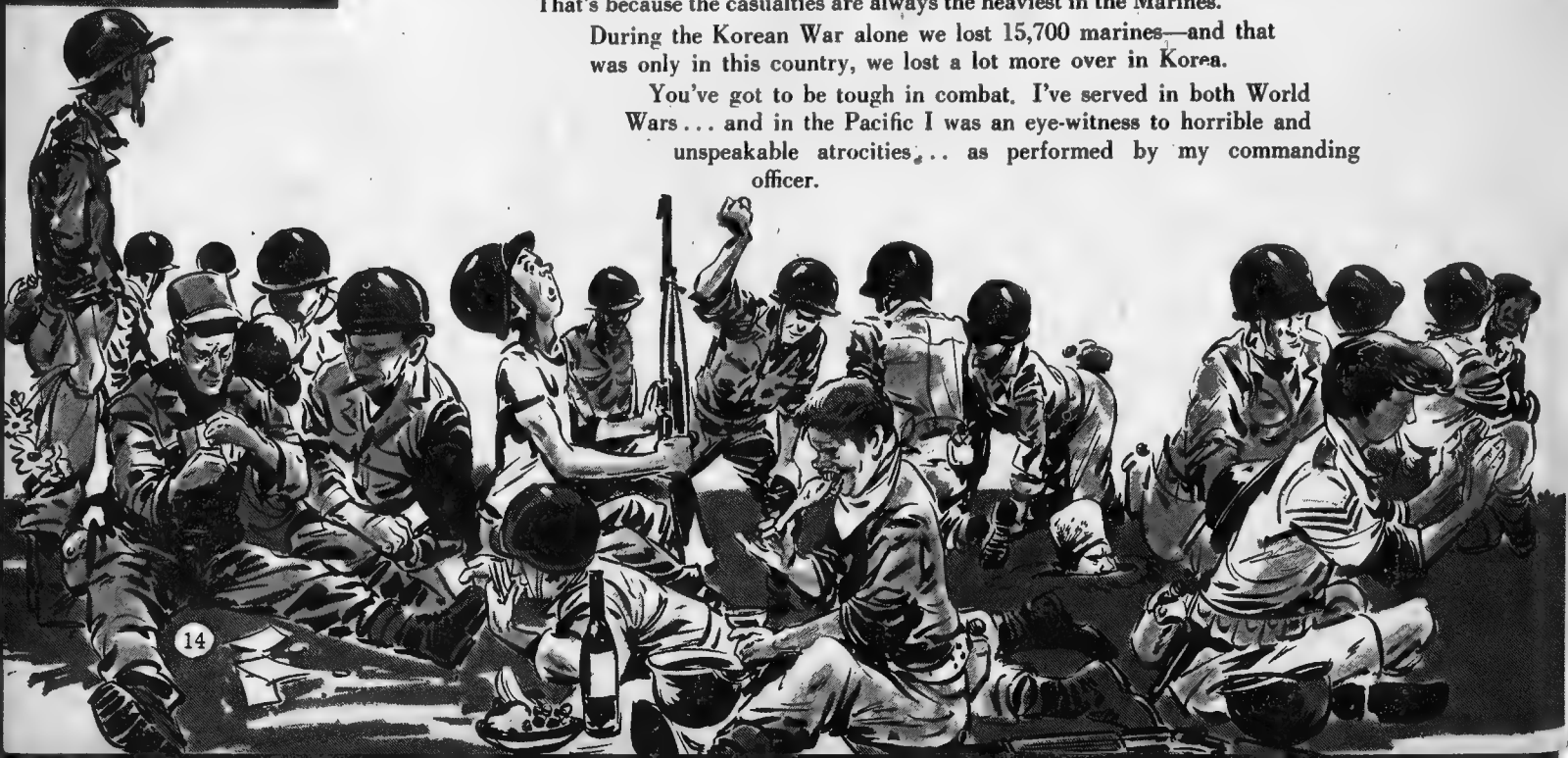
You're probably wondering why our basic training is so tough. That's because the casualties are always the heaviest in the Marines.

During the Korean War alone we lost 15,700 marines—and that was only in this country, we lost a lot more over in Korea.

You've got to be tough in combat. I've served in both World Wars... and in the Pacific I was an eye-witness to horrible and unspeakable atrocities... as performed by my commanding officer.



DRILL



Now, what will be expected of you here? While you're here, you'll march wherever you go. Let's see you march, Yardbird... Yardbird, you march like a Boy Scout—where did you learn to march like that? Oh, in the Boy Scouts.

Wherever you go, you march there. I know you may have seen marines being transported around the post in trucks. Let me tell you this—the marines riding in those trucks were MARCHING.

First thing we've got to do is get you set up in living quarters—you've gotta have a place to live. All right, your quarters will be situated on that sand bar right next to the swamps. Knock it off, knock it off. It's only temporary, until we get the swamps fixed up... then we'll move you in there. How do you fix up a swamp? You hang up a few pictures, stupid...

Now, the next thing is sick call. Put your arm down, Yardbird. Now, there's only one reason anyone goes on sick call. I said to put your arm down, Yardbird. What's that? You can't put your arm down—that's why you want to go on sick call?... It's your left arm, isn't it, Yardbird?

While you're here—you'll go on maneuvers—we're gonna land in boats and storm beaches—that's for the first four days. After that, we're gonna do it without the boats—and after that, we're gonna do it without the beaches.

Then, you're going to drop from 30,000 feet in parachutes. You'll drop in a dead fall to 20,000 feet and then open your chutes.

To make sure that nobody open his parachute too soon, we won't hand them out until you reach 20,000 feet... I'm going to ask for volunteers, because we've had a lot of trouble with this operation.

It's not due to faulty chutes. The parachutes have been opening all right. The only trouble is they've been opening after we hit the ground.

First thing, tomorrow, we're going to put you through an obstacle course. You're going to have a lot of things going for you... First of all you're going to have live machine gun fire one-quarter inch over your head. I want to warn you that those machine gunners mean business. They're Japanese Marines—and everyone of them lost their families in the last war.

Another good thing that will be going for you will be some low-level strafing and some nice mortar shelling... Now, when you reach the center of the course, we'll loose some nice poison gas... This is a little tricky, because we only have three gas masks and they go to the Japanese gunners.

The obstacle course should take 47 minutes. Of course, this is just an arbitrary figure, nobody ever got through this obstacle course. Any questions? Yes... Yardbird? Am I going with you? Are you out of your mind?

Now, I know what you're thinking. All this preparation will be wasted if we don't have another war. Fellas, we're going to try our damnest to start another war for you, even if it's just with another branch of the service...



INSTRUCTIONS





CAPTAIN

I DON'T KNOW about you, but I was brought up by poor parents. They didn't have much worldly goods to give their children, but they gave us a lot of affection. I always felt sorry for the poor little rich boy who got everything but love . . . I knew such a boy—his father was a Captain of Industry—a tycoon of the business world. When he and his son got together, their reunions went something like this:

COME ON IN, Bobby boy . . . you're getting big, boy . . . You know Bobby, I don't get to see as much of you as I'd like to—How long has it been, Bobby? Three years. That long . . . Well, don't worry, son, your father is home to stay . . . Cleared up all the work down at the plant, cancelled all my appointments and, Bobby, I'm here for good—for a *good* hour and a half.

Don't be nervous, boy, you don't have to feel fidgety with me, Bobby. It's your father . . . It's me, Bobby . . . Remember the scar on the right forearm? The cleft chin? And here, this medallion around my neck—look inside and what do you see? Of course, that's you, Boy—It's got to be you—that's a tiny mirror inside there . . .

Boy, you're getting big, sit down, Bobby, you don't have to stand when you're talking to me . . . Oh, you are sitting down. God, you're getting big, boy—Big and tall . . . Mind, you don't bang your head on the ceiling there.

Bobby, I haven't been as close to you as I would like—what with me at the office and you away at school—By the way, how is school, son? You left school? Why wasn't I told? What was it—cheating on exams? Well, then, what did you do that was so serious that you had to leave school? Oh, you graduated . . . Good boy . . . Gad, you're getting big, Bobby, boy—big and smart.

Now, Bobby, there's one thing. Your mother and I are a little concerned about that woman living upstairs with you in your room . . . Look, Bobby, I was young once myself, but son, there's a time and place for everything . . . What's that you say? She's your wife? Wonderful, boy—A lovely girl . . . Like to meet her sometime . . . Why don't you bring her down? You shouldn't keep her cooped up in that room . . .

And those three tiny tots running around the house—those yours too? Now, that you mention it, there is a resemblance . . . The same scar on the right forearm and the cleft chin.

I can't wait to tell your mother the good news . . . By the way, Bobby where is your mother? Your mother left me? But, Bobby, I was speaking to her upstairs just a minute ago . . . Your mother got a divorce in Reno last month? Then, how long has the maid been changing in your mother's room?

We haven't been close up to now, Bobby, with me down at the office, busy working and you away at school, cheating on exams—what's that? Oh, you graduated—Of course; boy—I'll have to tell your mother. Oh, that's right, I forgot—she left me. Well, then, I'll have to tell the maid.

OF INDUSTRY

George Metsky, the Mad Bomber, is looking for a pen pal . . .



Well, Bobby now that we've got you through school and married and started on a family—Say, I'm crazy about the little guy with the scar on the right forearm and those two adorable girls with the cleft chins . . . And now, you're probably ready to start on a career . . . I could make room for you down at the office, you'd have to start at the bottom, spend a few days in the mail room.

What, boy? You have a job? Great, son. Of course, I've heard of Consolidated Diesel . . . Bobby, you're with Consolidated Diesel? You *are* Consolidated Diesel—Chairman of the Board? Well, Bobby, maybe you can throw some business my way, son. We must have lunch sometime, I'll have my secretary phone you.

This calls for a drink. You are old enough to drink now aren't you, Bobby? Just how old are you, son? . . . 42 . . . that old. Boy, you're getting big, Bobby boy—Big and old and fat . . . and rich . . . fat rich.

How about some of this ten year old scotch? How do you like it son? With soda? No soda . . . Want some ice then? No ice . . . Well, son, can I get you a glass—where did you learn to drink it out of the bottle that way? At school? So that's why they threw you out—it wasn't the cheating.

What will I tell your mother? Say, Bobby, have you noticed how young and attractive your mother is looking lately?

I must admit, Bobby, I've been a lousey father, but there's someone who has been good to both of us . . . A very dear and sweet person. Do you know what day this is, Bobby boy? That's right, son—it's Mothers' Day . . . That's why I wanted to see you today.

Tell me, Bobby boy, what are we going to get the maid?

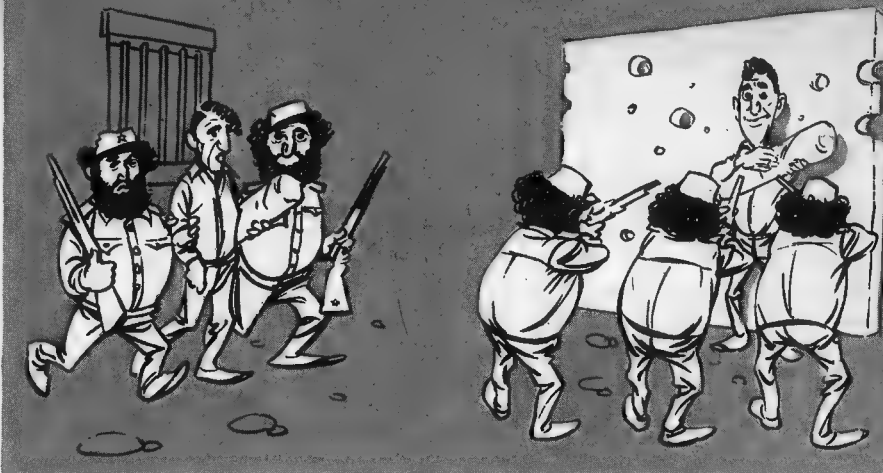
Bobby, there's something I want to tell you. When you and Rick Cartel went to camp—there was a mixup in the name tags. You went home to the Cartels and Ricky came and lived with us. It was an easy mistake to make—you were both the same age. This doesn't mean much to you today you're forty-two, but to Rickey it means a lot—he's only sixteen.

One of the reasons I called you here Bobby is the office is having a father-and-son picnic and right away I thought of you. I would have asked to see you sooner, but this is the first time the office ever had a father-and-son picnic. . . . I was wondering Bobby, do you know anyone I could take?

Oh, you're busy . . . Okay, I understand, son. Well, Bobby boy, it was nice reminiscing about all the good times we had together. And Bobby, if you ever have a son, I hope you give him everything I gave you . . . and give him one thing I never gave you, Bobby. . . . Give him a father . . .



Sick, Sick World...



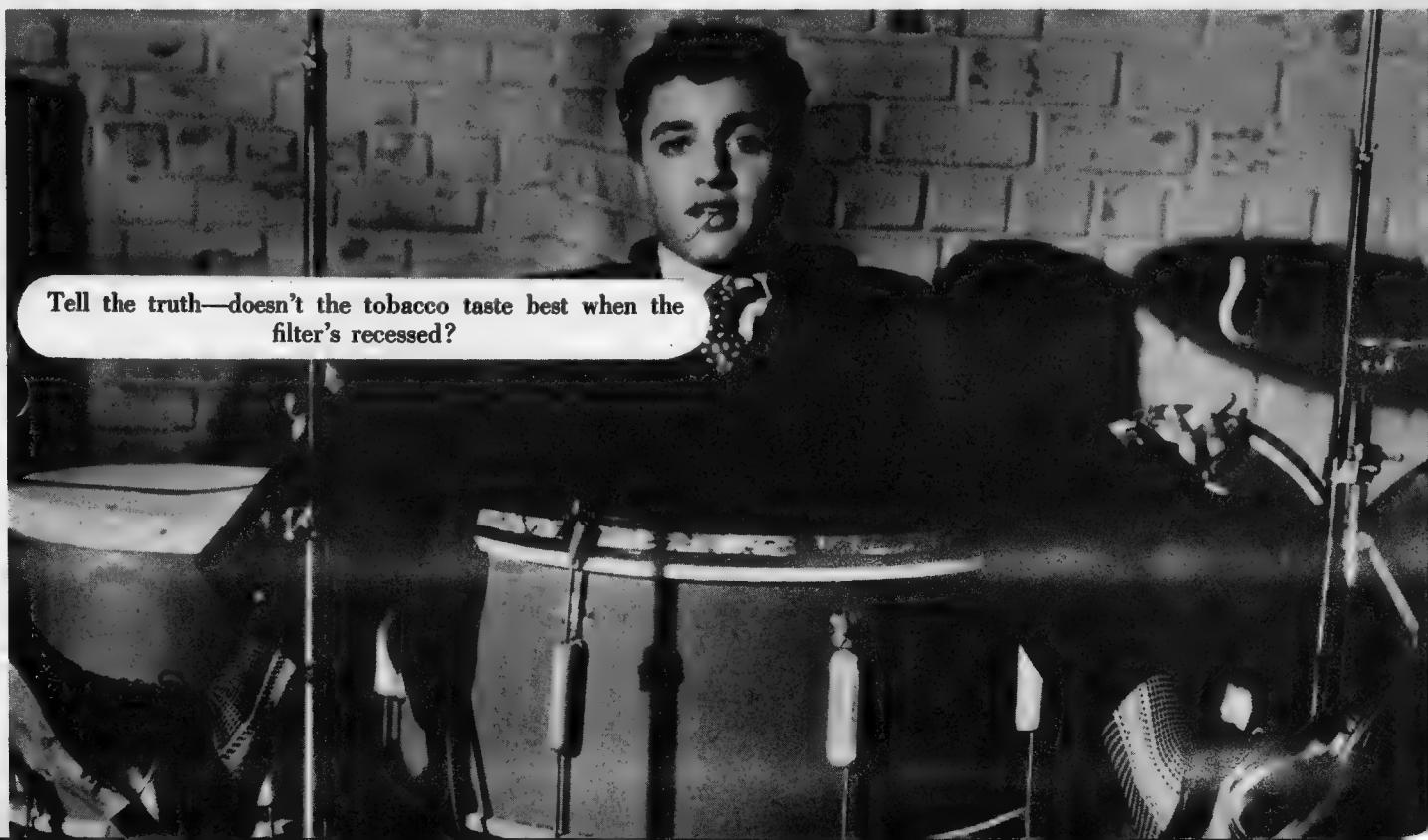
Did Ike replace the divots on the White House lawn?

SICK's Resume of the Month—NAME: Dwight D. Eisenhower . . . HOME ADDRESS: White House, Washington, D.C.—After Jan. 1961—Gettysburg, Pennsylvania . . . COLLEGE: Columbia University—1950, President of College. BUSINESS EXPERIENCE—President, United States of America . . . (Jan. 1952-Dec. 1960) . . . DUTIES—Varied . . . MILITARY EXPERIENCE—U.S. Army. ACTIVE DUTY—World War II—I won it . . . HOBBIES—Golf . . . TYPE OF POSITION SEEKING—Executive . . . PERSONALITY—*Do you get along well with people?* Yes . . . *Are you a leader or a follower?* I'm a Republican . . . RELIGION . . . I'm no fool.

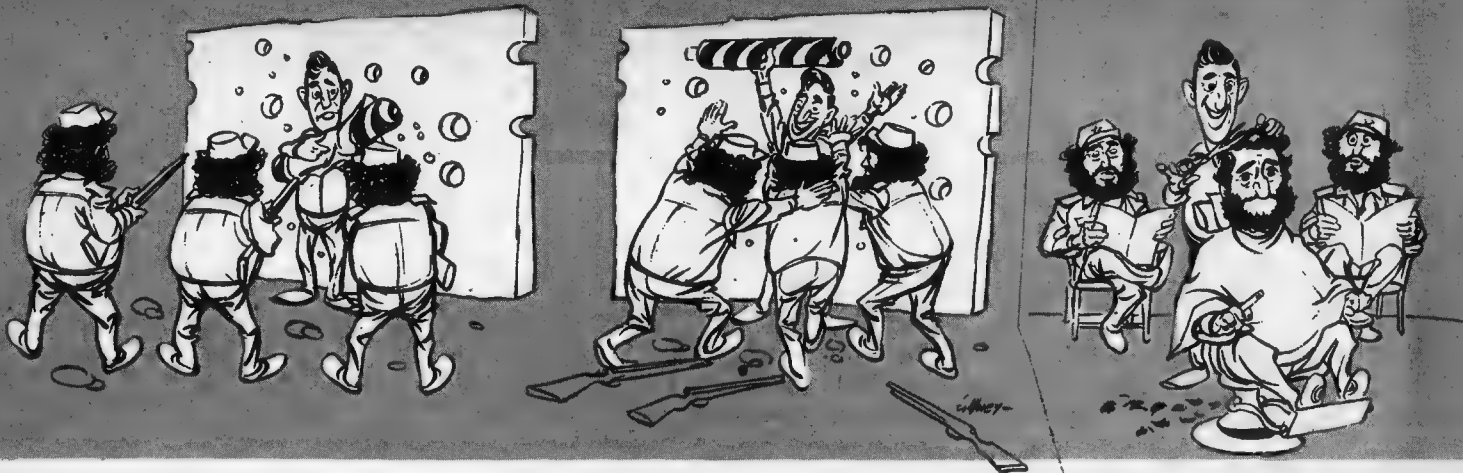
Handball is becoming a top outdoor sport in America. All you need to play handball is a hand and a ball—and a high wall. That's why it is so popular in our state prisons. Also, handball is not a dangerous game. The only person we ever saw get hurt playing handball was tennis star, Jack Kramer. He once won a handball game and tried to jump over the wall.

They've had pictures where you couldn't be seated during the last six minutes of the film . . . Then, Alfred Hitchcock came out with "*Psycho*" where you couldn't get in the theater once the picture started. Now, they have a new movie—you buy a ticket but you never get in to see the picture . . . It's that suspenseful . . . Then, they ask you not to reveal the plot to anyone . . .

Only thing we didn't like about silent pictures was that the actors spoke so softly we couldn't hear what they were saying . . .



Tell the truth—doesn't the tobacco taste best when the filter's recessed?



PICTURES like "Ben Hur" and "Spartacus" are featuring gory moments where you see a guy get an arm or leg lobbed off. Wonder how the agent breaks it to his actor client that he has landed him one of these gory roles . . .

"Hello, Baby . . . I've got a part for you in "Martacus" . . . No, it's not the male romantic lead . . . No, it's not the female romantic lead . . . Not a character part . . . It's a good part—lot of sympathy . . .

"You get your arm cut off in a battle scene. No, you don't really lose the arm . . . Of course, you'll be able to play your violin again—only not in this picture. Yes, it's a speaking role. You say "Aaaah. . . ."

"I know it's not much, but it could lead to bigger things—Next picture you might lose a leg . . ."

We have a friend who sells defective seeing eye dogs. Happened to be at his place when one customer brought his dog back. "What's wrong with him?" our friend asked. "He has poor eyesight—He needs a dog . . . Every time he comes to a street corner he panics." Our friend wouldn't accept the customer's complaint. "Come on, he's not that bad—a little vicious perhaps, but still a good dog."

"You try crossing a street with him."

Our friend finally had to take the animal back and replace it with another dog—a Daschundt . . .



WE PREDICT: George Raft to take this month's PAL award . . .

"The Roaring 20's" is the rage of the new TV season. We learned last week that the show may be sponsored by a manufacturer of bathtub gin.

Why don't national figures go on TV shows. It's the easiest way to gain popularity we know of . . . Like, how about Nasaar on "The Goldbergs" . . . Governor Fabuus on "Amos 'N Andy" . . . Dr. Finch on "Medic" . . . Truman Capote on "I've Got a Secret" . . . Khrushchev on "Mr. Wizard" and Mao Tze Tung as the house boy on "Bachelor Father" . . .

It seems that every TV show solves its problems with violence. No matter what the show—the private eye, the attorney at law, the newspaper editor—every situation has the same solution—violence . . . a punch in the mouth and everything is right with the world.

What's the reason for this? Just follow the average TV producer home from work some night. He goes into his home, has a family squabble and solves it by beating up his wife . . .

Another TV trend is the "Assistant Hero" like Kookie Byrnes and Chester . . . They're supposed to supply the comic relief but after the false rumor got around that Chester and Mr. Dillon were married, many people didn't find him so funny.

The one guy on TV who really gripes us is the interviewer who never listens to his subject's answers to the questions. You know how those interviews invariable go—

"I guess in your business you meet a lot of TV and movie stars."

"No . . . I never meet any"

"Can you tell us some of the ones you've met?"

Things are getting so crowded in New York City that Mayor Wagner is considering renting that vacant stare in his eye.

A digest of world happenings that didn't happen today, yesterday, or even recently. If you read this newspaper, you'll be up-to-date—up to the date of November, 1960...

Kennedy Family's New Addition:

Joe Kennedy Returns From Europe.

Report to Congo's Kasavubu:

"You've got the Wrong Lamumba!"

STALE NEWS

World's Largest Obituary Column . . .

SENATE JUKE BOX INVESTIGATIONS CONTINUE



Washington, D.C.—The Senate Commission investigating the billion dollar juke box racket called Tony Cappunici to the stand today. The thin-lipped, beady-eyed underworld czar told how strong arm methods were used to install juke boxes in car washes, funeral parlors and church rectories all over the Midwest. The committee called a brief recess while Cappunici's men installed three juke boxes in the committee room.

KEEPS FAITH IN MANKIND...

Brooklyn, N. Y.—A story of human kindness and a man who asked for a second chance. One night, Minister Tom Morgan of Brooklyn caught a man trying to burglarize his home . . . Reverend Morgan would not prosecute, but instead took the man into his home as a general handyman in an attempt to reform him. Last night, two years later, the one-time burglar left the Morgan home taking with him the Minister's love and affection . . . his 1958 Oldsmobile convertible, all his Hi-Fi equipment, his GE freezer and the Minister's wife Ann and two teen-age daughters. Reverend Morgan has still not lost faith in mankind. He says he won't press charges against his one-time handyman, if he will just return the convertible and the GE freezer.

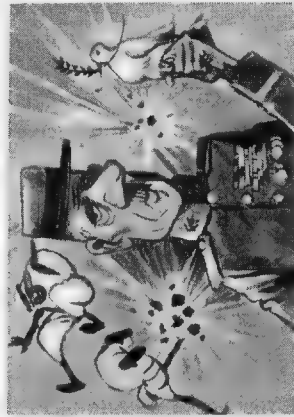
SAMMY DAVIS JR. WEDS MAY BRITT



DeGaulle Arrives in Algeria On Peace Mission

Algeria—Charles De Gaulle arrived here today on a peace mission to bring self-rule to Algeria. His visit was marked by rioting in the streets, three explosions, a stoning of the American Embassy by college students, barricades in the streets and a pitched battle between rioters and local police. Four Army tanks dispersed the crowd, but not after 11 people were injured and over 100 were arrested.

DeGaulle takes his peace mission to Tunis tomorrow . . .



BILL MAJESKI

★ ★

Third Polaris Missile Blows Up on Take Off...



Cape Canaveral—A third Polaris-type missile failed yesterday at the Air Force Testing Grounds here. The missile traveled 30,000 feet into the ground and then exploded. Verne Von Braun, American Missile Chief, optimistically stated: "Although the firing was a failure, we learned a lot from it. The missile trav-

eled very fast only it went in the wrong direction—now, if we turn the whole missile upside down, we may have something." Von Braun pointed out that on the last two unsuccessful firings, the missile didn't go anywhere. Instead the launching pad rocketed into the air. Therefore, yesterday's firing was an improvement.

Sammy Davis Jr. and May Britt finally got married. It was the second swing on the matrimony circuit for each of them. As one guest said: "Marriage is like beer, you have to acquire a taste for it."

As wedding presents they gave each other new cars. They felt it was better than riding busses, especially when they played club dates in Montgomery. They're the only couple with cars marked "His" and "Hers."

The wedding was a brief, 20-minute affair climaxed, in keeping with tradition, when Sammy shattered a wine glass under his feet. Dean Martin cried for hours.

Rumors had it that the couple would honeymoon in London. "Are you kidding," asked Davis, "last time there I

got stoned."

"Same here," said Martin. Frank Sinatra was best man. At least, that's what he told everyone.

An observer noted Sammy only came up to May's eyes. "As long as he comes up to my expectations," she retorted.

The guest list wasn't as impressive as was hoped, so Sammy did imitations of James Cagney, James Stewart and Cary Grant to fill out the crowd.

Spectators included Edward G. Robinson, who came as James Garner; Shirley McLaine, appearing as Leo Durocher; Dean Martin, who offered the couple a Five-Star (Hennessy) salute; Frank Sinatra, who came as Duke Hazlett, and Tommy Sands, who came as a trained singer.

Tab Hunter sent his regrets. It was his maid's day off so he had to stay home and train his dogs.

WEATHER—

Small storms in lake regions—followed by small lakes in storm regions. Small craft warning on Eastern Seaboard are down today along with several small crafts.

The present temperature at the Weather Bureau station is 76 degrees, but that's inside the station with the heat on and all the windows closed.

CONVICTS MAKE DARING ESCAPE

San Quentin, Calif.—For the first time in the history of the Federal Prison at San Quentin, two desperate convicts accomplished the impossible when they escaped from the prison fortress. The convicts made their daring break by taking Warden John Folsom as hostage. Their freedom was shortlived as alert police apprehended the pair in Elkhorn, Colorado, three months later. Warden Folsom, however, slipped through a road block and is still at large.

COACH HOPELESS OF DEFEATIST U. ADDRESSES ALUMNI

Defeatist, Mich. (AP) — Harry Hopeless, mentor of Defeatist U., the country's losingest football team—they've lost their last 30 games—addressed a dinner

meeting of the University Alumni here last night prior to the big game with the school's traditional rivals—Traditional State.

COACH HOPELESS TOLD THE ALUMNI GROUP:

Good evening, gentlemen. I guess you all want to know one good reason why we lost last week. Well, I can give you eleven good reasons . . . and that's only the first string.

lost to Norte Dame 90-0. How can you explain that?

COACH: Notre Dame had a bad day. . . . The only time they didn't score upon us was when they were in the huddle . . .

REPORTER: But Notre Dame outweighed you. Their average weight is 217 pounds isn't it?

COACH: Yes—and that's just in the band . . . But I want to compliment the Notre Dame coach for holding down the score. In the second half he put in his fourth string and three members of the marching band.

REPORTER: Coach, I've heard you're working on a new trick play—what do you call it?

COACH: The forward pass.

REPORTER: One year you painted footballs on the front of all your men's jersey to confuse the other team. Did this trick work?

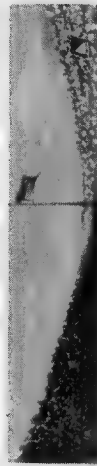
COACH: No . . . the other team painted goal posts on their jerseys and my men kept running into them.

REPORTER: Coach, what's your favorite play?

PIANIST SUES STEINWAY

Detroit—Pianist Chester Gould sued employees of the Steinway Company because on a visit to the company they "rudely shook his hands." Steinway president, Norman Clayton, soothed Gould's feelings and convinced him that the incident was purely unintentional. Gould agreed to drop the suit and then screamed in horror when Clayton attempted to "shake on it."

Gene Autry Buys L. A. Franchise



by D. Young

Los Angeles—A group of sportsmen headed by cowboy star, Gene Autry have purchased the Los Angeles franchise in the expanded American League. Autry was besieged by reporters when he made the announcement. Autry commented: "I'll answer all your questions, fellas, but first let me sing you a little song."



CAPSULE BOOK REVIEW

by James Fratricide, police reporter

Norman Mailer, novelist, child-producer and word-slinger extraordinary has come up with one of the gaudier crimes of the season with his "The Apartment Stabbing."

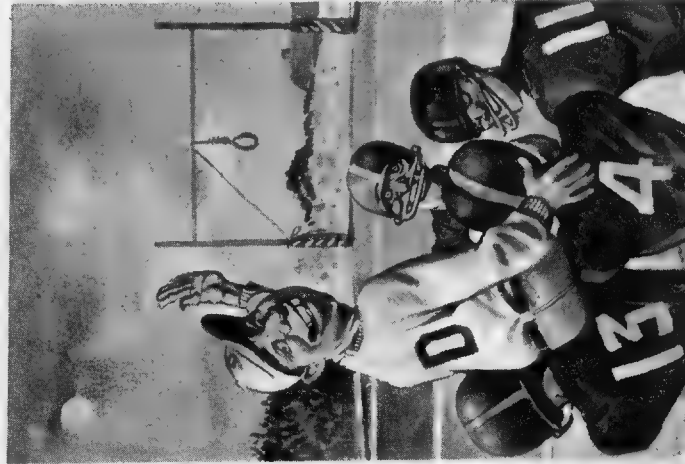
Mailer, who makes his living by the pen, almost ended his wife's living by the penknife, delivering several telling blows which almost brought the exciting tale to an unhappy conclusion.

Actually, the work is studded with weaknesses. There is the moody blackness so typical of Mailer's style. There is the haphazard plotting that makes it appear as if the knifing was done purely as a result of a sudden inspiration rather than as the result of studied concentration, a necessary ingredient if a crime is to take its place among the classics.

The crime lacks the good-humor and color of his earlier opus "Birdland Blowup." That episode, in which the protagonist indulged in whimsical behavior because the nightclub wouldn't accept his Diner's Club card, was a whimsical romp, a crime of a rather youthful nature, almost juvenile.

His technique in "Birdland" was relaxed and swift-paced. In "Stabbing" it is tight, a broad picture painted with an economy of strokes. His style is a bit confusing, but, in spite of that, in "Stabbing," he manages to get his point across.

"Stabbing" is an adult work. Undoubtedly there is greater maturity displayed than in his earlier antics. The growth, the progression is there. The





The reason we've had such a bad season is that I have no material. I had to spend a lot of time on fundamentals. It took four weeks at the start of the season just to teach the men how to get into their uniforms. Some of them still can't dress themselves.

Now, there's one thing I want to get straight. There've been rumors that the players are making bets on our games. This is untrue—they're *taking* bets on the games. This may explain, in some small way, why they carried me off the field after last week's loss.

Another thing—I want to assure you that I have the student body solidly behind me . . . I know this because many of them followed me home after last week's game.

I know tomorrow's our big game and I plan to have the team up for this game. I'll have them up about 10:30. I'll have them on the field by noon. What they do after that is anybody's guess.

I think you'll be glad to hear that I have a new play for the big game. Unfortunately, it involves seven passes . . . and four laterals . . . off of three reverses. That's just in the huddle . . . We've got several more surprises once we hit the line of scrimmage . . . It's taken the boys all season just to learn the signals for it.

After the coach made his speech, our STALE NEWS Reporter got this exclusive interview with him:

REPORTER: Coach Hopeless, you've lost 30 straight games. What's the one thing that made you lose all those games?

COACH: The score.

REPORTER: Coach, last week you

COACH: Hamlet.

REPORTER: No, I mean what's your favorite football play?

COACH: The Statute of Liberty, but it doesn't work for us—everytime the quarterback goes to pass, that torch in his hand gets in the way.

REPORTER: Is it true you once fed your men nothing but raw meat for one week prior to a game?

COACH: Yes—everytime we got the ball, the players fought to see who was going to eat it.

REPORTER: Even though you've lost all your games; your team morale is good—how do you explain that?

COACH: I lie to them about the scores.

REPORTER: Where do most of your football players come from?

COACH: Broken homes.

REPORTER: What's the difference between college football and professional football?

COACH: MONEY—there's more money in college ball.

REPORTER: You married a college cheerleader. What's it like to be married to a cheerleader?

COACH: Noisy . . .

REPORTER: No, really what's it like?

COACH: I can't really tell you—she hasn't stopped doing cartwheels yet.

REPORTER: Coach, you visited England last summer.

COACH: No, London.

REPORTER: How does the English game of Rugby chiefly differ from the American game of football?

COACH: In the spelling.

REPORTER: Coach, what are the prospects for next year's team?

COACH: Oh, they're very good.

REPORTER: Why do you say that?

COACH: Because nobody on this year's team is coming back.

question is, can the world wait long enough for a real major crime from Mailer? Or will he burn himself out before his time?



Wanted: Young man to assist doctor in laboratory. Must be willing to work nights and be a fast runner. Short but great future for the right young man. Apply in person after mid-night at the Frankenstein Castle.

Now, Boys and Girls, at last

YOU CAN BECOME

A GENUINE



BOMBER



Yes, folks, sit in the comfort of your own living room and learn all about

BLACK POWDER — noisy, but harmless.

WRAPPING — gift wrap your bombs.

PLANNING — an all-important phase of bombing.

DYNAMITE — the real thing!

For a low, low price you get a complete list of planting spots in your city's transit system. And, in addition, we will send you a list of firms, institutions, individuals, etc., for you to work up a hate against. These hate-objects have been carefully chosen for their poor public images so that you will find a great many sympathizers among the masses when you begin planting your bombs.

Just think how many people hate the phone company; or the light company or the local soccer team. Why, you'll be a hero to them! Listen to this unsolicited letter of praise:

Dear Bomb Teachers:

I made my first bomb and planted it in my living room. The family was so thrilled they simply went to pieces.

George

And as a special offer for those who act promptly we will include one personalized gift bomb embossed in beautiful gold letters.

Also, a long-playing record, "MUSIC TO PLANT BOMBS BY," featuring Tom Budeboom playing his famous version of "TNT FOR TWO."

Finally, we will send, upon receipt of your money money order or check, a complete list of notes to accompany your bombs. Touching, tender, wistful, gay, charming notes that really pack a message.

At last! Become a celebrity in your neighborhood.

Simply send \$39.98 to

Scattergood Peines
Explosion Road
New York, N.Y.

There's a menace in our city's streets, parks, thoroughfares and arbors. You'll recognize him, not by the way he looks, but rather by what he says . . . This is the man who measures the pulsebeat of the nation, whose findings determine the products that Madison Avenue will foist on the gullible public. He is —

The MOTIV- ATION MAN



Hello, there . . . Room for two on this bench? Come to this park often? . . . Lovely park . . . I've never seen you before . . . and you've never seen me before—right?



This may be none of my business, but has anyone in your family ever experienced a lung problem? That's interesting . . . Could you possibly recall the year, the city, and the attending physician? No—well, then do you remember the name of the undertaker?

I noticed you're smoking with your right hand . . . This is just a guess, but I bet you're from the Midwest—No, don't tell me, you're an Idaho farmer, between 30 and 35 years old, you married a girl of Italian descent, have two children,—you left school after junior high to help your father in his mill.



...I'm not trying to fix him up with your sister . . . Believe me, this man is a complete stranger to me—there's nothing personal between us . . . Then why do I carry his picture around in my wallet? . . . Because he sold me the wallet . . .

... No, I'll tell you the real reason . . . All this time while you thought we were just making pleasant conversation, I've been secretly conducting an independent tobacco survey for the Independent Tobacco Company of Survey, West Virginia . . . We're taking a cross-section of the typical American consumer to learn what his tastes are in cigarettes . . .



Care for a smoke? Regular or filter tip? Filter—Right... Just curious, but why did you reject the regular cigarette... You... just... li-ke them bet-ter? Just a second...



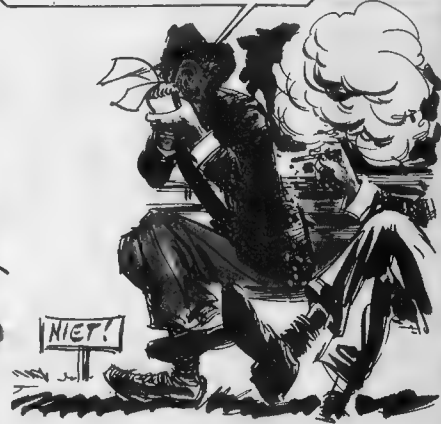
...You're sure you weren't in-
fluenced by the attractive red
and gold design on the pack-
age? I noticed you experienced
a little difficulty in opening the
box... Was it the flip top lid
that threw you, and if so, cite
difficulty and give three sug-
gestions for improvement...



Do you know what that pack
cost me? 27 cents... I'd say
that was pretty inexpensive...
What would you say? That the
price is too high? Too low?
Not enough? You'd say—it's
neither too low nor high
enough.



...I don't mean to get per-
sonal, but if you had to make
a choice, who would you rather
push over a cliff—your mother
or your father? Your father?
No wonder you picked the filter
cigarette... Oh—You just li-ke
them bet-ter...



You read an evening paper and
hold a subscription to two maga-
zines, one of which is Reader's
Digest, you went to the moun-
tains for your last vacation,
break out in a rash if you eat
wild mulberries from a bush...
Am I right? I was wrong about
the two children? Well, we
don't claim to be fortune
tellers...



Are you finished with your
cigarette? Good... Now, what
would you say best expresses
your smoking experience: "The
greater length filtered the
smoke", "You tasted a hint of
mint", or "It tasted good like
a cigarette should"? Which
one? It made you dizzy? Which
end did you put in your mouth?



What? Sure, you can have
another cigarette and if you
have time, maybe you'd like to
take a crack at chewing gum
and cough medicine later...
Oh, a guy was here with cough
medicine earlier...



I have a picture here—I'd like
you to look at... Tell me, do
you like his face? Do you think
it's warm? Do you think he's a
real person? Now, think about
this one... Would you let him
date your sister?
No, I don't know this man—
I've never met him...



...And I'd like to tell you
something, mister, it's none of
my business, but you're not
going to find any answers in
that wine bottle... Yes, I
spotted it in your pocket...



...I thought they chased all
the wines out of this park...
What's that?...



Would I like a sip of wine?
Sorry, I don't like red wine...
You have white wine there
too?...



... Yes, I'll try some of that...
No, the shape of the decanter
had nothing to do in influencing
my choice... It's just that red
wine makes me dizzy...



Now, ladies and gentlemen, another Swastika Spectacular aimed at the German Youth. Tonight, Stuka Dive Bombers present

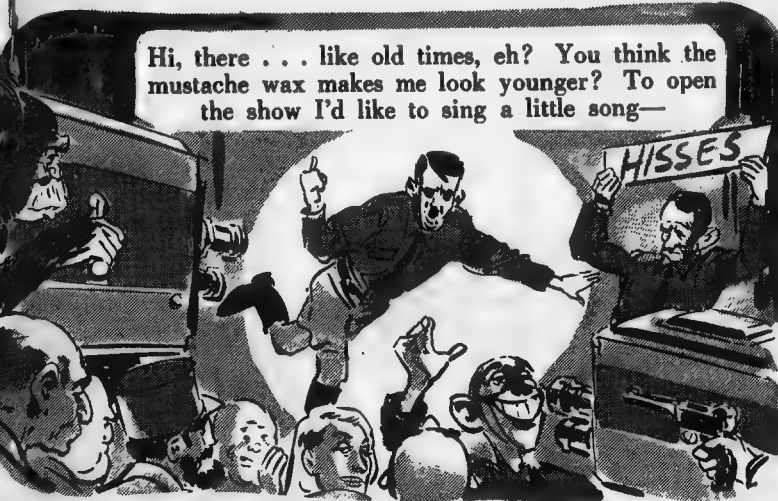
An Evening with



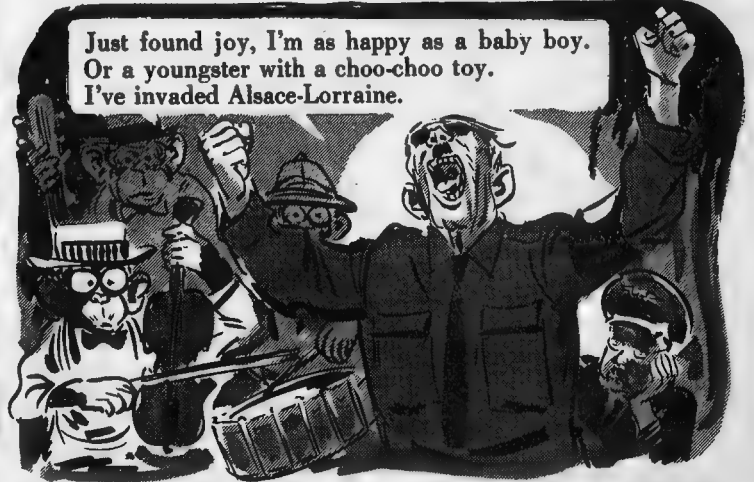
TV has invaded foreign countries. We sent our SICK reporter to Europe and here is his report on the biggest TV show in Europe—

Adolph Hitler

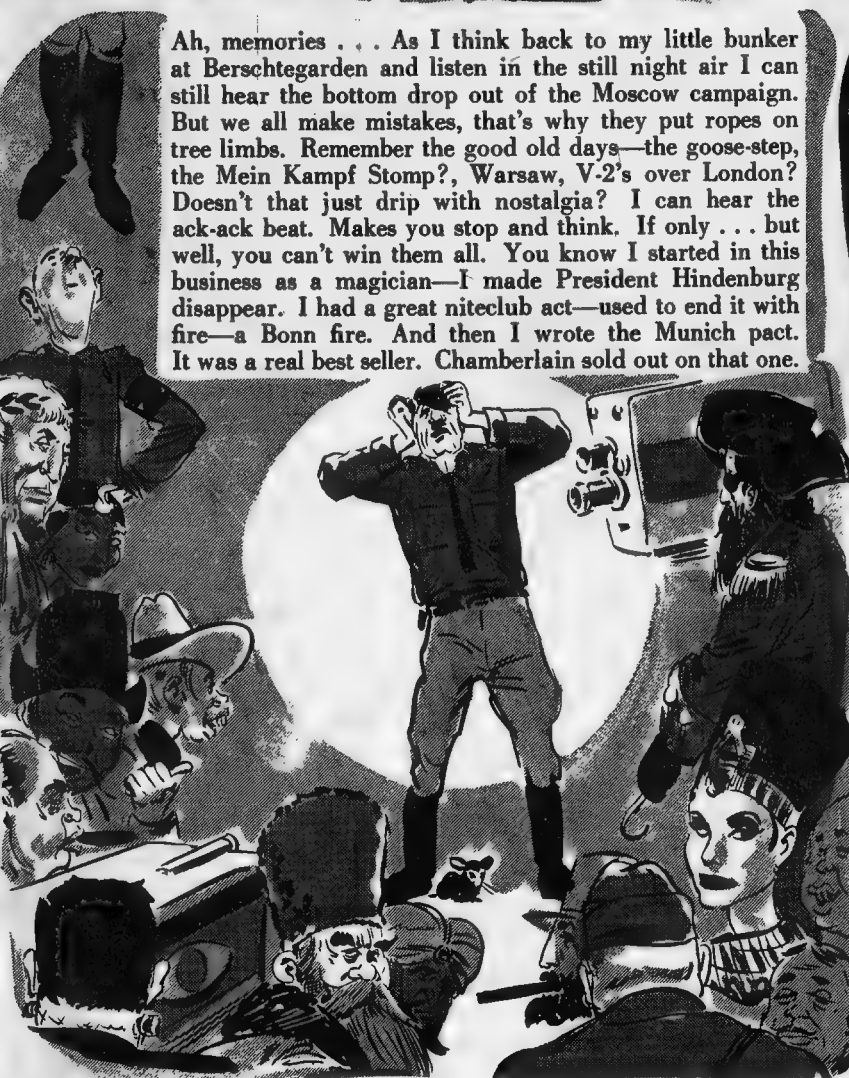
Hi, there . . . like old times, eh? You think the mustache wax makes me look younger? To open the show I'd like to sing a little song—



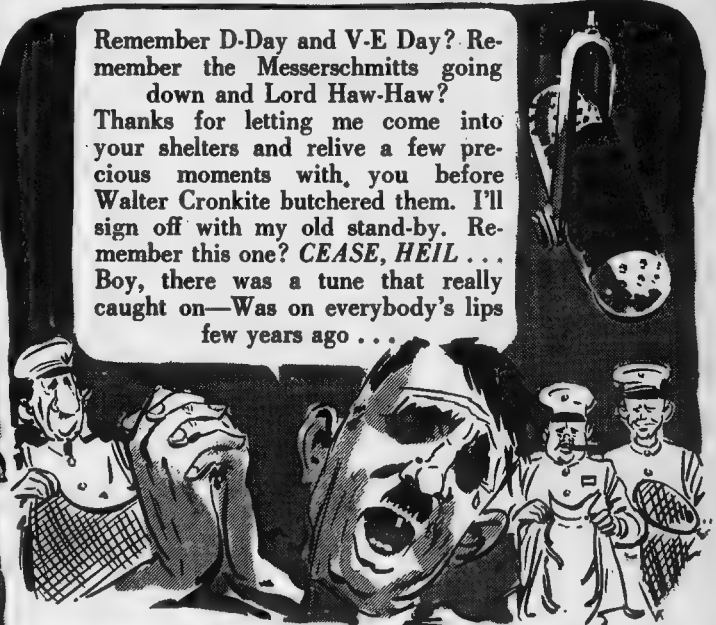
Just found joy, I'm as happy as a baby boy. Or a youngster with a choo-choo toy. I've invaded Alsace-Lorraine.



Ah, memories . . . As I think back to my little bunker at Bershtegarden and listen in the still night air I can still hear the bottom drop out of the Moscow campaign. But we all make mistakes, that's why they put ropes on tree limbs. Remember the good old days—the goose-step, the Mein Kampf Stomp?, Warsaw, V-2's over London? Doesn't that just drip with nostalgia? I can hear the ack-ack beat. Makes you stop and think. If only . . . but well, you can't win them all. You know I started in this business as a magician—I made President Hindenburg disappear. I had a great niteclub act—used to end it with fire—a Bonn fire. And then I wrote the Munich pact. It was a real best seller. Chamberlain sold out on that one.



Remember D-Day and V-E Day? Remember the Messerschmitts going down and Lord Haw-Haw? Thanks for letting me come into your shelters and relive a few precious moments with you before Walter Cronkite butchered them. I'll sign off with my old stand-by. Remember this one? **CEASE, HEIL . . .** Boy, there was a tune that really caught on—Was on everybody's lips few years ago . . .



This show came to you from Berlin
—LIVE.





Pictured above is Robert Barben of the Bronx, winner of our first SICK contest. Bob is a Senior at James Monroe High School where he is studying chemistry in preparation for entering CCNY next Fall. Bob tells us he has a chemistry lab in his home. He receives congratulations and \$100.00 check from Ted Epstein, publisher of SICK magazine.

SICK JOKES

Advertisement: Have you heard of the new invisible deodorant?

"No, what's it do?"

"Well, you just spray it all over yourself and you become invisible. Then, no one can tell where the smell is coming from."

A36 Paul J. Clark, Jr.
AF13688912,
CMR Box 4686,
Maxwell AFB, Alabama

Place: Cuba. Prisoner being lead out to firing squad. He is lined up against wall with hands tied behind his back. A sergeant asks: "Any last words?"

Prisoner replies: "Si, do you mind if I don't look? These things give me nightmares . . ."

Stan Newkirk,
222 Riverside Drive,
N. Y. 25, N. Y.

One freezing December day, a poor laborer looked out the window of his shack at the swirling snow. "Ah," he sighed, "I'd give anything not to have to work out in the cold today. I wish I was sick so I'd have an excuse to stay home."

Just then, a huge red creature with horns stood beside the man. "Sir," said the creature, "I can grant your wish. Would you mind repeating what you just said."

"I said, I wish I was sick so I wouldn't have to work today."

"Ala-ka-zoom" exclaimed the red creature with a wave of his hoof, "You are sick."

In an instant, the poor man turned into a magazine.

K. O.,
Silver Springs, Md.

Contest

Hopelessly deadlocked over the choice of a winner, your editors turned the selections over to a panel of professional cartoonists and comedians. Their choices were:

For the best sick joke: Airman Paul J. Clark, Jr., Maxwell A.F.B., Alabama.

Best cartoon ideas: Bob Guy, Bridgeport, Conn.

The winners and some outstanding entries appear on these pages.



Hank Katten,
East Elm Street,
Greenwich, Conn.

"Slenderize? . . . I thought it said SOCIALIZE!"

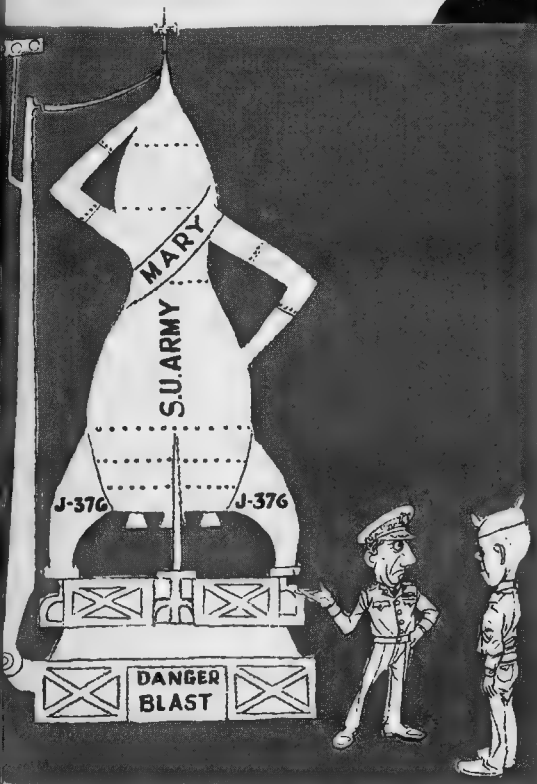


Bob Guy

I am the
best Lincoln
portrayer . . .
no one can play
him more accurately,
more realistically
than I
I have devoted my
life to an accurate
portrayal of him. . . .
Yeesss . . . no one is
as good as I . . .



SEE?



"He just hasn't had his mind
on his work lately . . ."

Leslie A. Fulcher,
Box 559, Howard A.F.B.,
Panama, Canal Zone

If any one finds three aces of spades,
give them to me, I lost them from my
"you-always-win" deck.

Douglas Davis.

"This is the third operating table
you've ruined this month, Doctor.
Please don't cut so deep."

Toni Yahnel,
1508 North 23rd Street,
Birmingham 4, Alabama

My grandmother died when she was
103, but fortunately the baby lived.

George Yarbrough,
2225 Rosewoon Avenue,
Winston-Salem, N.C.

Fail Now—avoid the June rush.

Charles Brown,
535 West 151st Street,
New York 31, N. Y.

"Mother, mother, let me out of the
closet! It's hot in here!"

"Are you crazy, do you want to
spread the fire to the rest of the
house?"

Mark B. Lerner,
1333 Carlton Drive,
Glendale, Calif.

My brother-in-law is a great doctor,
he discovered a cure for which there
is no disease . . .

Charles Ventura, Jr.,
251 Montgomery Drive,
Mantua, N.J.

outstanding contributors

Johnny Long—Richmond, Virginia
Jeff Provis—Jaffrey, N. H.
R. B. Wales—Guam Marinas Islands
David Swisshelm—Elizabeth, Pa.
Brock Morris—Magnolia, Texas
Armand Lione—Union City, N. J.
Brenda Marshall—Englewood, Colo.
Douglas Davis—Hales Corners, Wisc.
Jerry Ossip—Monsey, N. Y.
George H. Croom, Jr.—Brooklyn, N. Y.
R. Boehm—E. Moriches, L. I.
Leslie A. Fulcher—Howard A. F. Base
Gerald Sterenczak—Linden, N. J.
Douglas Davis—Hales Corners, Wisc.
Varchacoski Frank—Eddington, Pa.
Phyllis Nielsen—Kearns, Utah
Chet Bailey—Butte, Montana
Glenda Knapp—Missouri
Ronnie Knapp—Windsor, Mo.
Mrs. Linda Cleland—Warren, Michigan
Paula O. Schmidt—Milwaukee, Wisc.
James Loughrey—Nanticoke, Pa. Pa.
Mark B. Lerner—Glendale, Calif.
John H. Auston—Chicago, Ill.
Bill Johnson—Nashville, Tenn.
Hubert Fonfara—Grants Pass, Oregon
Frank Stonitsch—Glendale, N. Y.
John Harwell—Sikeston, Missouri
Dale Curtis—Junction City, Oregon
Dan Yaw—Aubundale, Fla.
Kevin Stalter—Des Moines, Iowa
John Paul Ballenger—La Grange, Georgia
Michael Tierstein—Brooklyn
Johnny Doyle—Bell Gardens, Calif.
Thomas Binchett, Jr.—East Boston, Mass.
H. E. Cantrell, Sr.—Augusta, Georgia
Betty Sebring—Montgomery, Ala.
Rosalind Golden—New Smyrna Beach, Fla.
Sarah Boyd—Chicago, Ill.
Larry Bester—Brooklyn
Thomas Birchett, Jr.—East Boston, Mass.
Bill Melden—Nashville, Tennessee
Jim Burge—Nicholasville, Ky.
Timmy Wallace—Manteca, California
Charles R. Baker—Wooster, Ohio
Arley Pett—Gloveston, Mass.
Courtney Foran—Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
T. L. Conrad—Los Angeles, Calif.
Robert J. Jackson—Grand Rapids, Mich.
Gerald Sterenczak—Linden, N. J.
Mark, Claude Gorelick—Flushing, N. Y.
Andrew Challi, High Prairie Alta.
P. Burley—S. S.—'Tempo' c/o Pelton
Steamship Co. Ltd.
Alfred Lyons—Brooklyn
Mark Pertnoy—Phila, Pa.
James Casey—Kenner, Lo.
Brigitte Richter—Lackawanna, N. Y.
Bob Strout—West Hartford, Conn.
Barry Nelson—Phila., Pa.
Ronald Watson—Oak Park, Ill.
K. O'Neill—Silver Springs, Md.
Eric Roth—N. Woodmere, L. I.
Frank Pisseri (AA)—U.S.S. Forrestal
Jain Bova—Columbus, Ohio
John W. Ladd—Washington, D.C.
M. Ubricaca—Niagara Falls, N. Y.
Benedict Kempinski—Brooklyn
Joan Brookwell—San Pedro Sula, Honduras
Victoria Kowla—Phila, Pa.
F. C. Petuillo—Wilkes-Baire, Pa.
Jay Lynch—N. Miami, Fla.
Nancy Norman—Corinth, Mississippi
Stan Newkirk—N. Y., N. Y.
John Grovenor—La Mirada, Calif.
Lonnie Roberts—Lafayette, Ind.
Edith & Harvey—N. Y., N. Y.
Debra Poggio—Deer Park, L. I., N. Y.
Robert McKee—Lake Worth, Fla.

Continued

outstanding

Tom Wasil—Warren, Ohio
 Tom Tomkins—Ontario, Canada
 John Perea—Calif.
 Al Tallant—Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Joseph DiDonato—Agawam, Mass.
 Mrs. A. J. Cuda—K. C., Missouri
 Rosalind Golden—New Smyrna Bch., Fla.
 Joseph I. Evans—Indianapolis, Ind.
 Jess Bielby—Saint Joseph, Missouri
 Walter Klis—Buffalo, N. Y.
 George Chastain—Key West, Fla.
 William R. Thuma—Endicott, N. Y.
 Mike Shapiro—Akron, Ohio
 Eddie Fillers—Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Ronald Scarlata—Torrance, Calif.
 Frances Benson—Holly, Colorado
 H. Garreth—N. Y., N. Y.
 SP14 Paul A. Tobin—46 Engr., Fort Hoof
 Joseph Sunshine—Tor., Ont.,
 John O'Neill—Coeur D'Alene, Idaho
 Robert J. Jackson—Grand Rapids, Mich.
 Bill Ferry—Tuscon, Ariz.
 Bill Lewallen—La Grande, Oregon
 Bill Foltz—Concord, Calif.
 Michael Buckley—Verdun, Canada
 Lindell Teixeira—Santa Maria, Calif.
 Mary Gunter—Alexandria, Louisiana
 John Williams—Artesia, Calif.
 Edward Doyle—South Easton, Mass.
 D. R. Buckhanan—Caribou, Maine
 A3C Paul J. Clark, Jr.—Maxwell AFB, Ala.
 Kenneth LeBlanc—Leominster, Mass.
 John S. Reed—Cambridge, Mass.
 Richard E. Nicholas—Cortland, N. Y.
 Robert Venezia—Flushing, N. Y.
 Tommy Dowdy—Gransfield Drive,
 Dale Porter—St. Petersburg, Fla.
 Marvin D. Schulman—Trenton, N. J.
 Bill White, Jr.—Catskill, N. Y.
 Steve Hayes—East Lansing, Mich.
 Martin Gottlieb—N. Y., N. Y.
 R. J. Mate—Lorain, Ohio
 Mrs. Philip Klippel—Oneida, N. Y.
 Sheldon Wendell—San Francisco, Calif.
 Elbert Jones, Jr.—Cambridge, Md.
 Victor Vymola—Cicero, Illinois
 Henry Finkel—Bronx, N. Y.
 Morley Fox—Ottawa, Ontario
 Michael Tiernstein—Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Arnold Charnick—N. Y., N. Y.
 Linda Wallesry—B. H., Calif.
 Tony Yahnel—Birmingham, Ala.
 Denise Sagan—Chicago, Ill.
 Franklin E. Deuterman—Washington, D. C.
 Mark Shepard—Encine, Calif.
 James Moore—Chicago, Ill.
 Betty Schering—Montgomery, Ala.
 Bob Vernoff—Los Angeles, Calif.
 Charles Brown—New York, N. Y.
 Mrs. Charles Sulka—Ravenwood, West Virginia
 Mrs. Joyce E. Weaver—La Grange, Illinois
 Miss Linda Taylor—Lakeland, Florida
 Milton Dorsey—University of Cincinnati
 Thomas Norris—Mansfield, Ohio
 Mrs. Louisa Annerl—Hawthorne, Calif.
 John Peterson & Jeff Shanafelt—Parson's College

King size nightmare—imagine sliding down a bannister and suddenly the bannister turns into one gigantic razor blade.

AND—

The Pope calls all the Cardinals and Bishops. Once they assemble, he shouts three words: "Get Lenny Bruce!"

Hank Garrett,
 108 East 111th Street,
 New York 29, N.Y.

A man was talking to a woman who told him her husband had left her and taken her car, her money, her jewels, and her bonds. "The cad!" the man exclaimed . . . "No, the Chevy," she replied.

John Perea,
 500 Cortesi,
 South San Francisco,
 Calif.

An airline stewardess was getting peeved over the pestering young child on a trip to Europe. Finally, she ran to the door, opened it and said, "All right, little girl, go out and play."

David R. Buchanan
 7 Collins Street
 Caribou, Maine



"Just as this invisible shield protects me! . . ."

Tom Tomkins,
 R.R. 10, Peterboro,
 Ontario, Canada



George Chastain,
 Key West, Florida

Brock Morris,
 Magnolia, Texas

"A little off the top, Mr. Anastasia?"




THE MOVIE "EXODUS" is taken from the book by Leon Uris which strangely enough has the same title. Leon Uris named his book after the movie by Otto Preminger.

Preminger filmed "EXODUS" on location in Jackson Heights. It is Preminger's first movie since he made the thriller "Anatomy of Lee Remick", which told the other side of the Israel-Arab situation.

Preminger is one of America's most articulate directors despite a pronounced German accent he acquired while working for Erich Von Stroheim in the old country. When he first came to Hollywood, Preminger's accent was so pronounced he couldn't even appear in silent movies.

"EXODUS" marks a milestone in Sal Mineo's career—he has his first real love scene . . . off camera. This is always a big moment in any juvenile star's life—his first short pants . . .



The part of the male romantic lead in "EXODUS" went to Eva Marie Saint which really started a lot of tongues wagging in the film capital. Paul Newman (*pictured here in street clothes*) is Eva's chief love interest—he plays an Arab Chief. Actually, Newman plays the part of a top agent for the underground in Palestine. You can quickly recognize anyone working for the underground—their clothes are usually filthy. Newman's last film was "From the Terrace", a picture on suburban life, making this his second straight war movie.

SAL MINEO GOES TO WAR



Also starring in "EXODUS" is child star, Sal Mineo. Even while making "EXODUS" Mineo received many offers to star in other pictures, most of them from director Preminger. . . Mineo is a big idol of American teenagers. He is pictured above in his Hackensack backyard awaiting a visit from his fan club . . . Sal gets over 10,000,000 letters

a year . . . from his mother. While working in Israel a woman asked Sal: "You can't fool me—you're an Arab, aren't you?" Sal said he wasn't, but the woman persisted: "I can tell—you're an Arab—right?" To get rid of the woman, Sal finally agreed—"All right, I'm an Arab." "You know something," the woman replied, "you don't look it . . ."

An Arab Chieftain, John Derek, comes between Paul and Eva Marie. He tells of the mysteries of the orient and the riches of Decca. Paul corrects him—"You mean Mecca." "No, Decca," John explains, "I'm recording an album of desert favorites called—"Love Letters in the Sand."

What was your most famous case, Commissioner? The 1948 Brinks Robbery. Oh, were you the arresting officer? No, I drove the getaway car.





I'll swear my love for you.

I can't stand swearing.



The adult love story in the picture pits Newman and Eva Marie Saint. They enter into an idealistic platonic relationship—one in which the intellectual, aesthetic values of companionship and rapport are placed above the basic attraction of physical desires... For Newman their platonic dream has but one drawback—he can't keep his hands off her...

The election was so close, we almost re-elected Eisenhower.



Excitement is caused on the "EXODUS" set when Sal Mineo's fan club—the Staten Island Chapter—arrives in Palestine. Sal's fans are very loyal. Last year, when Sal was out of work, they went on a hunger strike—they wouldn't let Sal eat a thing for two months. Sal greeted all of his fans at the pier. He couldn't wait for the boat to dock so he walked out to meet them. Sal just learned how to walk on water. He already can part the waves. He does that every morning when he combs his hair.

Meanwhile, back in the movie, a girl guerilla fighter, Alex, enters the picture. Paul makes her his orderly because he likes the way she salutes. Even though he still likes Eva, he wants to start a new front. The girl comes from a military family—she was brought up with the Gabor Sisters. Like a true soldier Alex takes her gun to bed with her. Unfortunately, she is in an artillery unit and her gun is a Howitzer—that's what they mean by the expression, "a heavy sleeper."



I've got something to tell you—I've joined a Sal Mineo hunger strike.

Eat first, then you can talk.

Knishes and Manishevitz

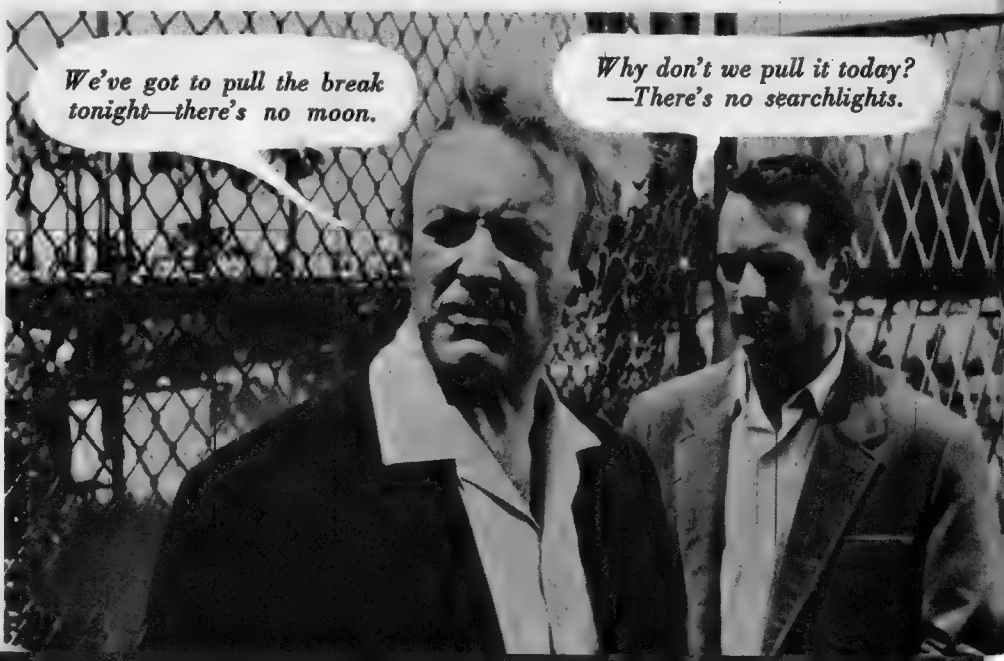
. . . This babe learned to cook from Molly Goldberg . . . One thing's sure—I'll brush my teeth after this meal.

Newman then joins the British army (Peter Lawford). Lawford still has to take off a few pounds to fit into those Thin Man roles. Lawford suspects Newman is not British and reveals his suspicions to a fellow officer: "I know his credentials are in perfect order. I know he acts like a British officer and his diction is British. I realize his dress is impeccable, but still that name—Molly Goldberg—it just doesn't sit right with me."



I don't care who his brother-in-law is, I'm taking this truck through.

Newman is finally exposed one tea time when he asks for a motza ball in his tea. He is placed in a Herald-Tribune Fresh Air Camp where he meets resistance leader, Lee J. Cobb. Together they discuss an escape.



We've got to pull the break tonight—there's no moon.

Why don't we pull it today?—There's no searchlights.



Alex is killed when the howitzer accidentally goes off during the night. She's given a military burial alongside a land mine.

*She looks so healthy
—like she just got
back from Florida.*



Do I look like Gene Krupa to you?



Sal Mineo disguises himself as an Arab but he is quickly captured once he crosses the frontier. The Arab Chieftain grills him for hours—*“Admit you’re a guerrilla ... Admit you’re a guerrilla ...”*

Sal finally gives in—*“All right, I’m a guerrilla.”*

Chieftan: *“You know—you don’t look it.”*

Geography

BRAZZAVILLE

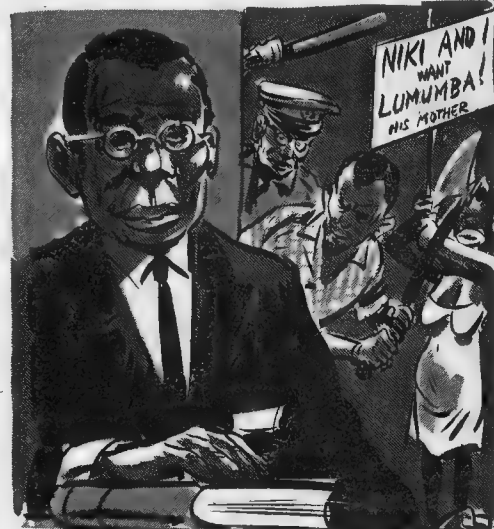
LEOPOLDVILLE

In an effort to bring some educational value to the magazine, the editors will devote several pages of each issue to educational topics—Today our topic: Geography... Our subject—



Joseph Kasavubu is the supreme, definite, permanent and final ruler of the Congo. That is, he was the supreme, definite, permanent and final ruler at 10 o'clock this morning—We haven't heard a word from him since then.

The Belgian Congo



The Congo is hoping to attract a large tourist trade. It already has a lot of tourist attractions whenever the shooting stops. Right now it's an armed camp. We wouldn't recommend spending a holiday there right now, unless the holiday was the 4th of July.



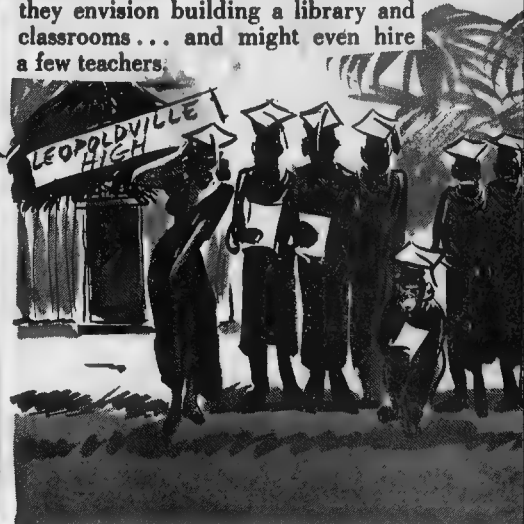
Lesson...



Patrice Lumumba is trying to take control of the government. He wants to replace the present form of government—Mob Rule—with his socialistic form of government—Mob Violence.

Lamumba has millions of followers... If they ever catch him, he's in big trouble. The Congo needs leaders desperately—everybody in the country seems to be a born follower.

The educational level in the Congo is high... High School. There are only eight college students in the entire nation—they all attend Congo U. When it gets three more students, Congo U. will build a 100,000-seat football stadium. In years to come, God willing, they envision building a library and classrooms... and might even hire a few teachers.



Medical care in the Belgian Congo is very primitive. The sick are healed by ancient tribal rites of witchcraft as practiced by the nation's only doctor, Albert Schweitzer. Strangely enough, over 3,000,000 Congolese are paid-in-full members of the Blue Cross. They don't get free medical care, this just entitles them to the rate increases...

The chief industry in the Congo is elephants. The Congolese throw the elephant tusks away and save the elephant trunks for the ivory that's found in them. No ivory has ever been found in an elephant trunk yet. That's why the elephant industry is doing so lousy in the Congo.

The Congo does not have a Navy, but the Nation has 30,000 highly trained sailors—the sailors are trained to march in parades. In addition, Congo has an army of four million men trained to fight at sea. Many people have the misconception that Congolese people are backward. That's only because they march that way... A Congolese regiment on parade is an impressive sight, but don't ever get in front of them.



SHERLOCK HOLMES TODAY

What's with Sherlock Holmes? Why doesn't he get with it? No jazz, no broads, no violence—All right, so he's mid-Victorian, but let's wise up. Sherlock needs help!

We are among the few people who know why they couldn't get Basil Rathbone for the TV series. He's entombed in a brick wall of a wine cellar in Soho Square. It was part of the plot of his last movie, "Sherlock Holmes Entombed in a Brick Wall of a Wine Cellar in Soho Square." They stuck him in this wall and poured wet cement over him. He's been sealed in 'til this day. No one can figure a way to get him out safely. Nigel Bruce's last suggestion before he died was that they should blast Holmes out. Holmes is still active—he's writing a book "My Lips Are Sealed—Along with my mouth, my face and my hands and legs." He is getting plenty of fresh air and sunshine which they're piping in to him through a straw. And they are slipping food in to him through a small opening in the wall. True, he is getting rather fed up with brick ice cream.

But perhaps it is all just as well, because Sherlock Holmes just isn't making it with today's TV private eyes. Don't you wonder as we do—

WHAT WOULD A MODERN SHERLOCK HOLMES BE LIKE?

Scene: Holmes' lodgings—Watson enters.

Extraordinary, Holmes, extraordinary...
Don't know how you do it.

Who was that lovely creature, Holmes?

She's one of the sixth graders in the neighborhood.

Wonderful specimen! What school is she from?

Elementary, my dear Watson...
Elementary.

Is he dead, Holmes?

Only the autopsy will tell us... You have a looksee, Doc.

Can I have a mirror?

To check his respiration?

**CAST OF
CHAR —
ACTERS**



Sherlock . . .
Combing his hair.



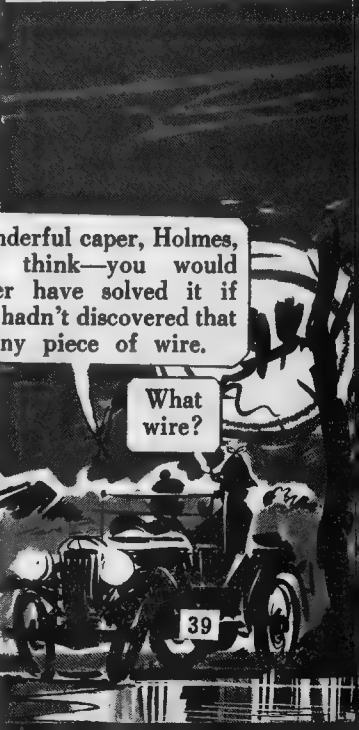
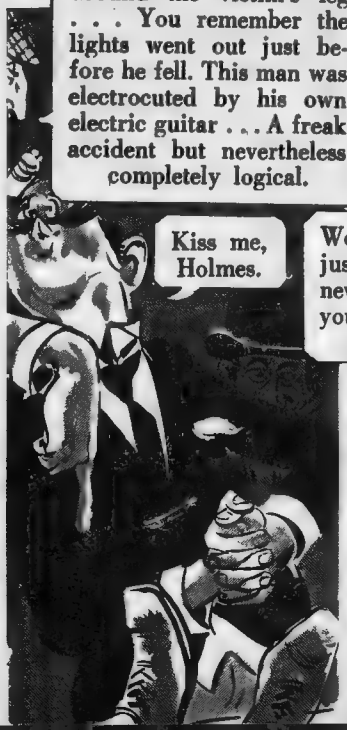
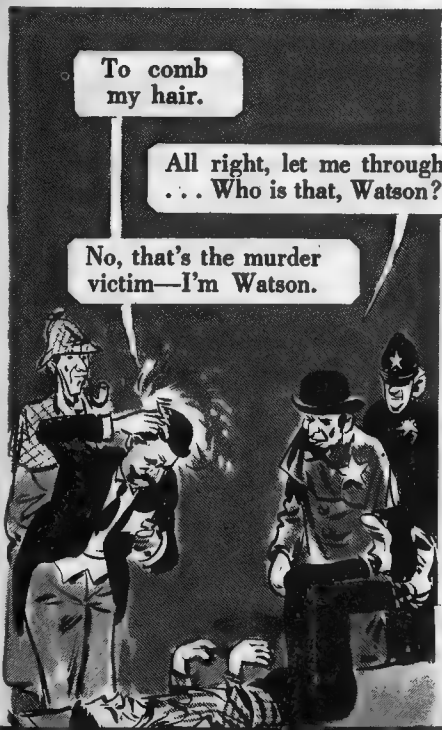
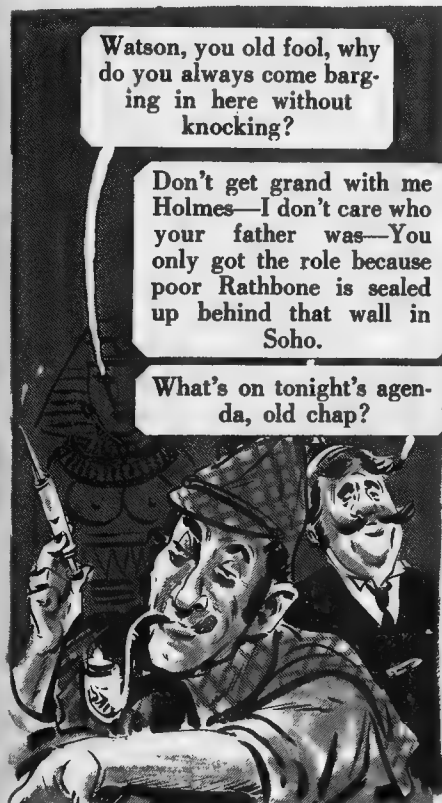
Doc Watson . . .
who also parks cars
at Mother Dino's.



Mother Bloor . . .
who sings Lola
Allbright
arrangements.



**Inspector
LeStrada:**
folk singing
policeman.



NEXT ISSUE

SICK

disects

HOLLYWOOD

SPEAKING OF WEDDINGS,
BUSTER CRABBY IS
SUPPOSED TO BE
MARRIED TO A
SHARK HE MET
OFF THE FLORIDA
KEYS... A
LOVELY GIRL... OF
COURSE, SHE KISSES
FUNNY...

YES, BUSTER TOOK
A JOB IN MIAMI
BECAUSE HIS WIFE
LIKES TO BE NEAR
THE WATER... IN
THE SUMMER HE'S
LIFEGUARD OF THE
HOTEL POOL... IN
WINTER THEY DRAIN
THE POOL AND HE'S
HANDBALL COACH!

**HILARIOUS
SATIRE ON
MOVIE
STARS AND
FAN MAG-
AZINES**



**ON SALE
APRIL 9th
AT ALL
NEWS-STANDS**

THE BULL fight in Spain has always had deep symbolic meaning. Have you ever wondered what the tuft of hair in the back of the matador's head means? It means that the matador needs a haircut... And when the matador performs in the ring, if he displeases the crowd, they throw cushions at him. Then, later they yell: "OLE! OLE!" That's an old Spanish expression. It means: "Throw back the cushions."

BULL fighting started with the Romans. The Romans would put Christians in the arena to be eaten by lions every day but Friday. On Fridays, the Christians would be put in with fish... There have been great motion pictures made about Bullfighting. Remember "*Blood and Sand*" with Tyrone Power and Rita Hayworth. Ty was a matador who spends all his time in the ring. Then, Rita comes along and Ty turns his back on the bulls. The first thing a matador learns is never to turn his back on the bulls. The second thing he learns is never to turn his back on Rita Hayworth.

"BLOOD AND SAND" was a great movie. Of course, all the bull fighting scenes were staged, but the love scenes were from actual newspapers... The bull fighting scenes are done with trick photography. They shoot the star standing alone in a sand box and superimpose a picture of a bull in a revolving door. That's why, if you're ever in Spain, it's a good idea to stay out of revolving doors.

OF COURSE, bull fighting isn't as dangerous today as it was when "*Blood and Sand*" was made. The rings are bigger now that they have Cinemascope.

HERE IS SICK'S BULLFIGHTING EPIC

THE LAST BULL

I am a bullfighter... My name—that is unimportant... Jose Unimportant... No—I'm joking... My real name is Jose Rodrequo Lopez Angelos... The bulls know me simply as "El Coward".

You must have enjoyed seeing me fight last week... I know the bull enjoyed it—I know this because he didn't want to leave the ring. They had to drag him out. That was my 200th fight and I have never been gored. But let me tell you the bulls are getting closer and closer... Just the other day I was in the same arena with one of them...

Why am I a bullfighter? Because I'm stupid. I mean what can you learn from talking to bulls? I could have been a doctor, or a lawyer or almost everything, but I chose to be a bullfighter. Why? Because I wanted to work outdoors... I love the bull ring—I love the music... I could have led the band. Then I could still have worked in the ring and not have to face those crazy bulls.



Do you know what it is like to be in the center of the ring and stand eye to eye with a ferocious bull? Silently you say to him—"El Toro: before this hour is over—I, Jose, will be your master." Then, the bull replies: "Matador—the traditional conflict between you, man, and me, beast, will not be decided without bloodshed and death..." And then you say to yourself—This is a pretty intelligent bull...



I remember when my father gave me my first Cochillo—the sword... I have wanted to use a spear, but tradition said no. So, my father gave me his old, rusty sword. I told him, "Papa, this sword is no good—it is old and rusty..."

"That's true my son, but it has memories..."



"Papa," I said, "you can't build a career on memories."

"Have you ever heard of Sophie Tucker, My son?"



OF COURSE, I had heard of Sophie Tucker. I had seen her fight in Caracus many times—in a niteclub there.

I remember how I came to Mexico City and made passes for six months—then I entered the ring... Now, my career is at an end. I have written a book about bull fighting—I called it "Blood and Sand, Sweat and Mud, Dirt and Tears, Flesh and Gravel..." But the publisher didn't like the title of my book—he thought it as too inside... The publisher wasn't really interested in the bull fight—I know because he always kept asking me: "Jose, what about the chapter on the American movie star?"

THEY ARE ALREADY planning a movie on my book—they're calling it: "Ten North Frederick Returns"... For the movie, Anthony Quinn, that fine American actor has been selected to play Ava Gardner... Lee J. Cobb is one of the supporting stars—he's playing a bull. In the book my greatest triumphants were in the bull ring... In the movie I will have my biggest victories in Anthony Quinn's bedroom.

A BULLFIGHTER must believe that nothing can harm him. When Spanish people say "fear," a bullfighter must not know the meaning of the word. I do not know what the word means... I don't speak Spanish.

I HAVE FACED the bulls two hundred times. Two hundred times I have been on the edge of death, and twice on the cover of LIFE. But, it is time to prepare for the ring. Here comes my loyal teacher... Gomez El Gomez... He taught me everything I know about the calves... Too bad I didn't study with someone who could teach me about the bulls.



(GOMEZ EL GOMEZ ENTERS WEARING HIS WHITE SUIT. HE ALWAYS WEARS HIS WHITE SUIT. HE ONLY HAS TWO SUITS—

Matador, I do not like the looks of the bulls today. They are waiting for you now.

The bulls are always waiting for me.



You're a great help—Last week you told me the bull always swings his head to the right just before he strikes...

Well, didn't his head always swing to the right?



Hemingway is here?

No, your mother... I wish you didn't fight today—All the signs are against you... I had a vision in my room last night.



But, I am not whistling.

You're not... but the bulls are... It is also written that death will come to the bullfighter who hears church bells... You have heard the church bells all day.



THIS ONE, AND THE BLACK ONE FOR FUNERALS—AND THE BLACK SUIT IS JUST ANOTHER WHITE SUIT THAT GOT DIRTY.)

Yes, but not right outside the dressing room... Promise me you will not go down on one knee in the ring today.

But Manolete did it.

So did Jolson, but he didn't have a bull in front of him. Remember what I tell you about the bull.



Sure, but you forgot to tell me that his horns went to the left.

Today, is a special day—the bearded one has come to see you fight...



Yes, I saw your vision and I'd like to meet her sometime.

The signs are bad—whistling before a fight is bad luck.



There is nothing unusual about hearing church bells...

On a Tuesday?



And, Matador, on the way to the arena did not notice the seven black cats that crossed our path seven times? And, as it is written, on the seventh street, seven funeral processions interrupted our march. On the seventh hour, seven black Angus calves rolled over dead while seven women on the 7th floor of an adjoining building gave birth to seven male children.

But, Gomez, that was all mere coincidence.

Coincidence—Yes, the 7 black cats, the 7 funeral processions, the 7 black Angus calves, and the 7 women giving birth to 7 male children—But on the 7th floor of a six-story building?

Never mind, you're really superstitious—Is my equipment ready?

I have sharpened your sword.

Never mind the sword—how sharp is my cape?

You look worried—what is the trouble—are you afraid of the bulls?

No, it's not the bulls I'm afraid of—it's the horns.

It's that Rita Hayworth—why can she leave decent people alone? You know there are other great matadors waiting to replace you—There's one that's the spitting image of Anthony Quinn.

It's not true.

Yes—MGM is giving him a saliva test next week—He's the right blood type, too—TODD-A-O. Well, what do you say, Matador?

I think it would have been worth the few extra bucks to get Thomas Gomez to play this scene... But, I can't disappoint that blood-thirsty crowd—I'll face the bull.

Good, I'll tell your mother to start lighting the candles.

Now, I must face the bulls again... This is my last fight—and that's no bull. I am afraid. Oh, I say I have never been gored, but under this shirt are the kisses of many bulls... Here is where Martino left his mark... Here Old Fuego's horns caressed me... Here are the scars from El Goro's kisses... And these I'll never forget. These are Ava Gardner's... Why can't she leave decent people alone?



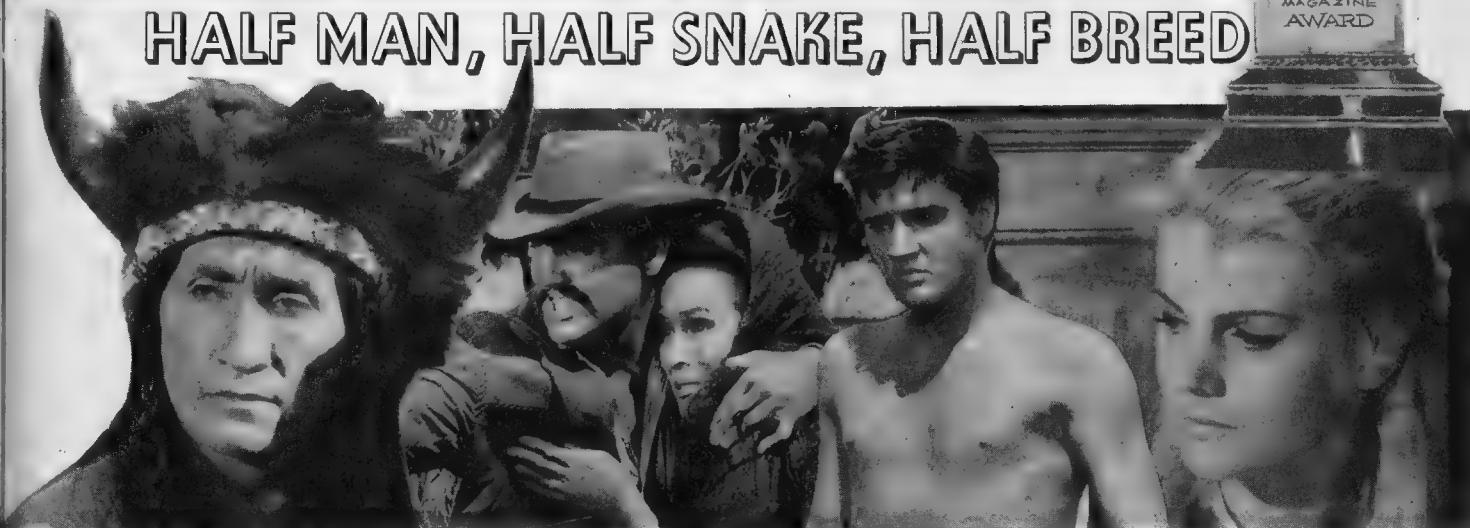


AWARD...

for the most dramatic ad* of this or
any movie season *with SICK revisions, of course...



HALF MAN, HALF SNAKE, HALF BREED



CHIEF BUFFALO HORN

... He was an Indian by birth, but he wanted to be like the white man so he changed his name to Jones... Tonto Jones.

HEAR... Pelvis
sing the hit song

THE WHITE RANCHER

... "Starr Flame's" father... A true friend of the Red Men... He fought with General Custer at Little Big Horn on the side of the Indians—he always hated a loser.

THE LOVELY SQUAW

... "Starr Flame's" mother... What chance did she have in life? Sure she could go to the white man's college, but could she be Homecoming Queen?

STARR FLAME... the

half-breed... He was part indian, part paleface... and part undecided. If the red man and the white man went to war, which side would he choose? The winning side—he took after his father.

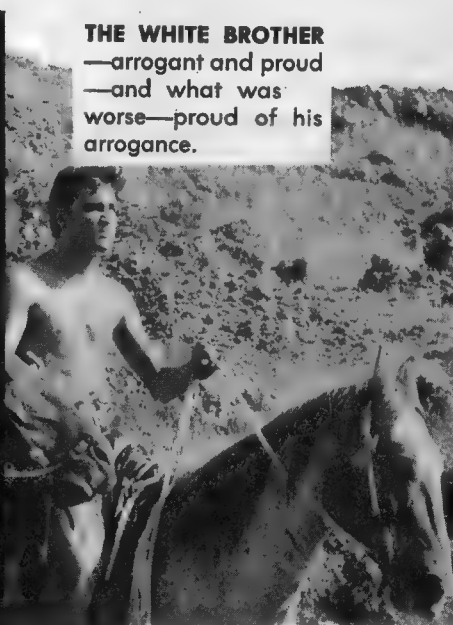
PALEFACE BEAUTY...

Helena Rubenstein base makeup was her favorite... She loved Starr Flame, but she knew they would never marry because of his religious beliefs—he was an unorthodox fanatic...



"I'm Dancing with
Tears in my Eyes because the
Girl in my Arms has a Club
Foot."

PELVIS ELVIS STARR FLAME



THE WHITE BROTHER
—arrogant and proud
—and what was
worse—proud of his
arrogance.

PELVIS' FIRST DRAMATIC ROLE SINCE HE APPEARED
BEFORE HIS DRAFT BOARD...

Filmed in Truecolor—red and white...

SPORTS

Will America abandon the gold standard and go on Green Stamps?

How to Start

THE SPECTATOR SPORT
WITH THE
LARGEST FOLLOWING

RIOTING has become the biggest participation sport in the world. Its popularity extends from Japan . . . to Latin America . . . From the Congo to Paris and from Little Rock to New Orleans . . . Rioting has not caught on in Russia yet only because they don't give any gold medals for it at the Olympic Games . . .

Arthur Miller should have heeded the advice: "Beware the Yves of Montand . . ."



HAILE SELASSIE—Revolt is all right as long as you keep it in the family . . .

Three guys in Hollywood were arrested for taking aerial photographs of Jayne Mansfield . . .



The first thing you need to have a riot is a lot of people . . . One man running down the center of a city street, shouting at the top of his lungs and waving his arms frantically in the air, does not constitute a riot . . . It constitutes a drunk . . . A riot is a group effort. Get as many people as you can to join your riot . . . The best kind to enlist is the loud, boisterous type. That's why students make excellent rioters . . . Because they are always loud and boisterous . . . Even if they are all alone in a room . . . sleeping.

The next thing all good riots should have is a theme. Good riot slogans are "Down with Imperialism" . . . "Cuba Yes, Yankee No . . ." "Beat 'Em Bucs" "Yankee Go Home"

. . . "No More Aid to Algeria" is a sure-fire theme any place but in Algeria . . . "Ban H-Bomb Tests" and "Peace Above All" will start a riot any day of the week. However, peace riots should be avoided as they are usually the most destructive. People who want peace in our time will usually start a war if they don't get it.

SECTION

a RIOT

Two former Code Clerks, now in Moscow, would like to meet young American tourists who share mutual interest in Morse Code.



Another must for your demonstration are policemen with clubs.

These you'll have to rent. Policemen will not attend a riot unless someone files a complaint. It is best to file the complaint a few days before the riot so you can be sure the police can come—someone else might have a riot planned for the same day.

You'll also need a city permit for your riot.

If you can be sure the fire department will come to your riot, that will assure you of success.

Nothing perks up rioters quite so much as fire hoses. There was a riot in a big Eastern city recently which would have gone out in a few hours if the fire department hadn't kept it going all night. They learned how to do that through battling fires . . .

The newest craze in riots is a snappy collection of cheers . . .

such as the latest from New Orleans: "2-4-6-8, *We don't want to integrate*"

. . . to which the Supreme Court replied "14-12-10-8, *you'd better or you won't graduate*" . . .

One Cardinal rule on rioting—Never riot near a church.

GIFT IDEAS FOR THE SICK MAN WHO HAS EVERYTHING

MINIATURE TIME BOMBS



Looks Like Alarm Clock

Fool Your Friends

Very Low Ticking Sound

IDEAL FOR HIDING IN VALISES

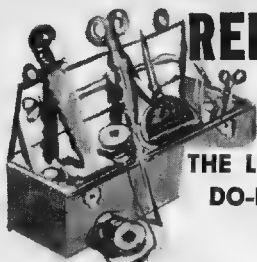
UNUSED 1926 CALENDARS (Complete Collection)



CORNER THE MARKET
IF THIS YEAR EVER
COMES BACK...

Entire Lot At Bargain Price

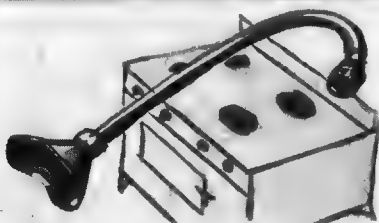
HOME APPENDIX- REMOVAL KITS



THE LATEST IN THE
DO-IT-YOURSELF
CRAZE

AMAZE YOUR FAMILY
SAVE HOSPITAL COSTS

In All Sizes And Colors ALUMINUM GAS PIPE



ATTACHES TO GAS RANGE
IDEAL FOR SUICIDES

Sifts the Gas Right to Your Lungs
Thus Eliminating Harshness to Your
Throat

Letters

(Continued from page 5)

DEAR SICK FRIENDS:

I am a newcomer to your magazine, but it was purely by chance that I happened to buy it. I went to the drug store to buy another magazine. When I was informed that the order had not been received yet, I bought your magazine. Appropriately enough, SICK was placed next to the drug counter. I was greatly surprised to find out how funny SICK is. Your Captured German Newsreels was my favorite.

Tom Wasil
2766 Linda Drive,
Warren, Ohio

EDITOR'S NOTE: What do you mean—"appropriately enough"?

DEAR NUTS:

I have been getting all the SICK books I could. I think it is the most intelligent thing ever—even funnier than National Geographic.

Randy Reynolds

DEAR SICK:

I have purchased a copy of your magazine, and I think it is a rather gruesomely delightful book. There is something very unhealthy about it.

Arthur Juncker,
Rt. 1, Box 10,
Camino, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: You think the book is unhealthy—you should see the editors.

DEAR SIRs:

I keep my office staff and clients supplied with SICK magazine. It's becoming an epidemic! Lots of success,

T. Laura Conrad
2828 S. Barrington Avenue
Los Angeles 62, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We hope the disease keeps spreading.

SICK:

Let me compliment you on a fine and witty magazine—in a sickening sort of way. I liked almost every part of your issue. Excuse the writing of this letter, they don't let us have any pointed objects here at Broadview.

Robert Jordan
2419 N. Wycoff Avenue
Bremerton, Washington

EDITOR'S NOTE: We have a friend in a place like that—he writes with the only pointed thing he has—his head.

DEAR SICK:

Do you plan to sell any idiot busts or T-shirts, like, of your sick doctor?

Edwin Lusardi
Santa Monica

EDITOR'S NOTE: Like, we're not THAT sick.

DEAR SICK:

Just finished reading Dec. issue of SICK for the fifth time. Your satire of contemporary problems is great reading. Enjoyed your criticism of reknown figures of our time, but would like to see more of the humorous truth about one rat named Fidel.

William R. Thuma
517 Grippen Avenue
Endicott, N. Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Fidel who?

DEAR SIRs:

I had the pleasure of reading the third issue of SICK magazine and liked it very much. On page 45 you had a picture of a statue with 1778 carved on it, but below the picture you had the date 1775. Apart from that error, the magazine was great. Say, how about starting a back issue department so that those unfortunate clods (like me) who missed the first two issues can have a chance to get them.

Ian Douglas
755 Fourth Avenue
Verdun 19,
Quebec, Canada

EDITOR'S NOTE: We will soon have a back issue department. As for the error, we can't find page 45—we think it's numbered "page 24".



DEAR ODDBALLS:

SICK is recommended reading in all Psycho Wards.

Bob Buck,
Jefferson Heights,
New York

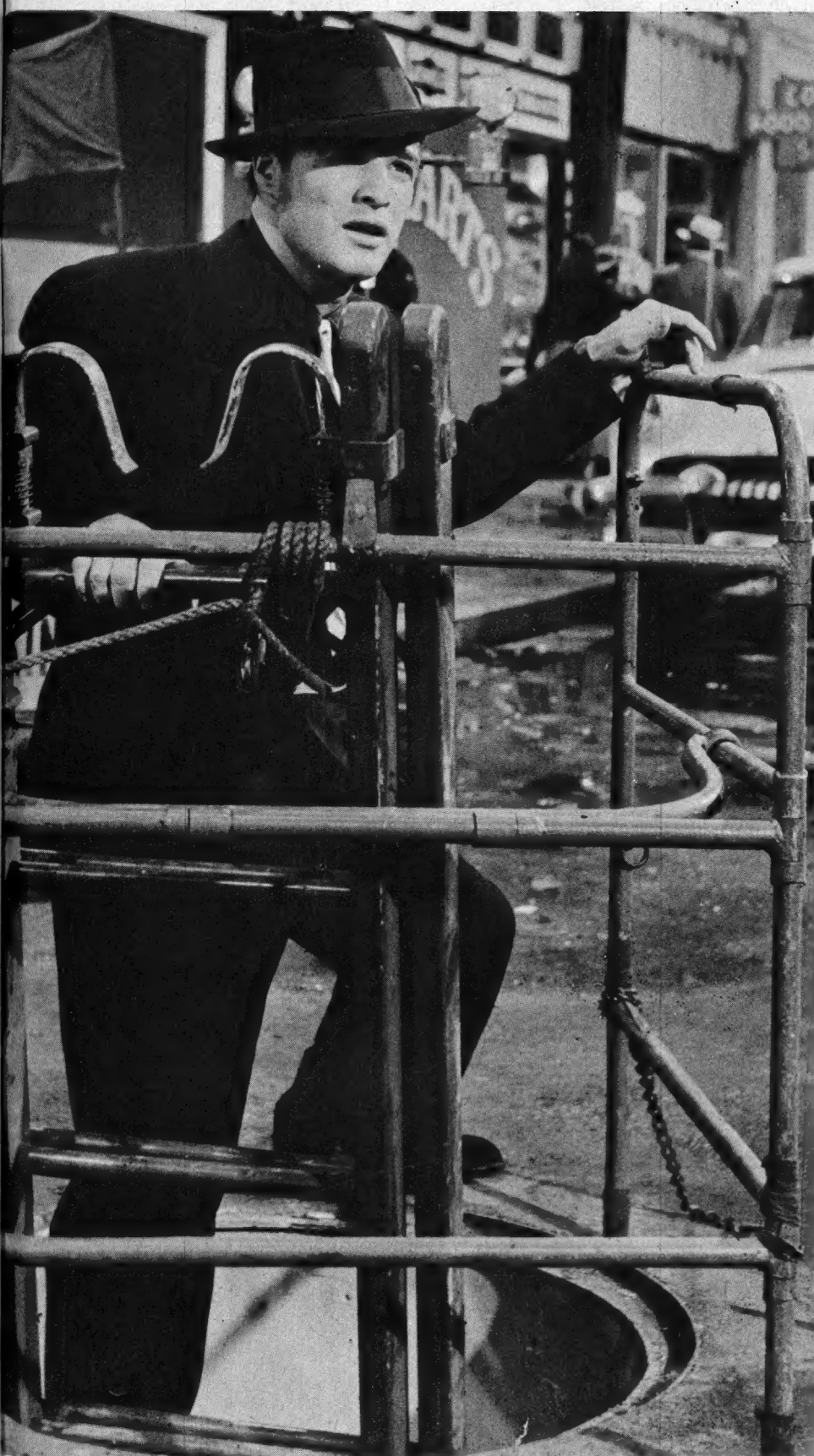
Minneapolis High-Life Beer—
that's the beer that made Mil-
waukee famous...



"THE APARTMENT"

THE HULAN JACK STORY.

Could he have built a house
if he had more time?



"I've heard of walk-down apartments, but this is ridiculous."

TIRED BLOOD?



WHIP IT BACK
INTO SHAPE!!!

All Sizes, Shapes and Colors

:: ORDER YOURS TODAY ::

SADIST INC. EERIE, MASS.



TROUBLE WITH A NAGGING WIFE???

Rent this delightful
Cabin High Up in
the Adirondacks...

(Overlooks Huge Mountain Ravine)

By

Season, Month, Week, Day or Hour
(Special Rates for Mothers-in-law)

Write: Box 86, Makesme, Ill.

FACTORY REJECT

MEN'S SPATS

Direct from Manufacturer
to You



AT PRICES YOU CAN'T
AFFORD TO PASS UP
EVEN IF THE STYLE
NEVER COMES BACK!!!

BOTHERED BY FALLING HAIR?



You needn't worry
any longer.

Just the thing
to stop hair from
falling.

Simply paste it all back on head
when box fills up.

BALDY BROS. VER. MINN.

It's not only that I want Dennis
to support her, your honor — I
want him to put her in the act!



BUT YOU'VE GOT TO
GIVE US ADULT ROLES...MY
WIFE KEEPS SENDING ME
TO BED WITH THE KIDS!

